EDWARD
NCE OF WALES

SANDERS

EDWARD
PRINCE OF WALES

EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES

AN AUTHENTIC BIOGRAPHY

BY
G. IVY SANDERS

47971

London
NISBET & CO. LTD.
22 BERNERS STREET, W.1
1921

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY ONTARIO

First published in 1921

Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury.

PREFACE

DURING the past few months the Prince of Wales has become the most discussed and popular young man of his day.

His sudden entry into public life, after his long absence at the war and on his Dominion tours, created far greater interest than his gradual emergence in normal times could possibly have done.

As Heir to the British Throne he has always been a figure of unusual prominence, but Royal birth alone could never have won for him the genuine affection and respect with which he is regarded throughout the Empire.

The popularity the Prince has achieved is a tribute to his own strong and vivid personality, and is of a far more intimate character than that usually enjoyed by Royalty; it is the enthusiastic, affectionate approval of the man-in-the-street, of youth,

of every age and of every section of the community.

It is with the hope of satisfying in some small measure the interest in the life and personality of the Prince which has been so widely evinced that I offer this brief biography.

To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales I am greatly indebted for permission to reproduce some of the photographs from his own private collection, and to his entourage for the valuable assistance they have rendered me.

G. IVY SANDERS.

LONDON.

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

ILLUSTRATIONS

MAPS

EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

HAD the present Prince of Wales been born a hundred years ago the record of his life would most probably have been almost a repetition of that of any other Heir to the British Throne. Born at the dawn of a new era, however, and arriving at man's estate on the battle-fields of Europe, our nineteenth Prince of Wales is the product of modern days, and as such he is undoubtedly more closely in touch with his future subjects than were any of his predecessors.

His birth at White Lodge, Richmond Park, on June 23rd, 1894, while his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, was still reigning, was an event of particular world-wide interest, providing the British Throne,

as it did, with a direct living heir in the third generation.

It is a curious fact that the Prince is a direct descendant of George III through both his parents—his father's grandmother, Queen Victoria, being the daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III, while his mother's grandfather was Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge, sixth and favourite son of George III. It was in his maternal grandmother's home that the Prince was born, christened, and spent the first three months of his life.

White Lodge, so named from the colour of its exterior, was originally built by George I as a shooting-box. With Queen Caroline, wife of George II, who added considerably to it, the modest, beautifully situated little house in the centre of Richmond Park became a favourite retreat. It has always been held by the Crown, but from time to time it has, by assent of the Sovereign, been occupied by members of the nobility and by various

statesmen. Queen Victoria rarely occupied the Lodge, which, on his coming of age, was given, as his first separate establishment, to the Prince of Wales, King Edward VII, who principally lived there until his marriage and settlement at Sandringham.

Shortly after their marriage, Princess Mary Adelaide of Cambridge and Prince Francis, Duke of Teck, took up their residence at White Lodge, and it was that home-loving and domestic Duchess who converted it into the charming and comfortable house it has now become. There Princess "May," the present Queen, spent most of her happy youth, and a great deal of her early married life; for, until the Duchess's death in 1897, a deep and abiding bond of devoted affection united mother and daughter.

To the influence of the wise and kindly Duchess of Teck is largely due the simplicity of the up-bringing of the Royal babies, in whom both she and their great-

grandmother, Queen Victoria, lived over again the happy days of early married life.

Upon "little David," in particular, the aged Queen lavished an indulgence which her own children and grandchildren had not always enjoyed. Hers, of the numerous interesting gifts showered upon him at his birth, was perhaps the most fully charged with historical association: it was the richly carved wooden cradle which had been made for her own firstborn, the Princess Royal, afterwards the Empress Frederick, in which all the Royal babies of that branch had since been rocked. Queen Victoria's bridal veil was used for his christening cloak, and for him alone was her austerity *always* concealed behind affectionate adoration.

When he was twenty-five days old the Prince was baptized by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of Rochester, Canon Dalton, who had accompanied the Duke of York, as King George then was, on his first sea voyage, and the

Rev. the Hon. E. Carr Glyn, in the drawing-room of White Lodge. The water for the ceremony was specially brought from the River Jordan, and was placed in the same golden bowl that was used at the christening of King Edward VI and of most of the Royal children in recent times. His christening robe, of the finest and softest white satin, covered with Honiton lace, was the same as had been worn by all the Queen's children and her British grandchildren. His christening cake was ornamented in relief with the Royal, the Duke of York's, and the City of Edinburgh arms entwined with wreaths of York roses. On the top of the cake was a cradle surmounted by a crown over which waved the Royal arms and the Union Jack.

Among his many Royal sponsors were Queen Victoria and his four grandparents, King Edward and Queen Alexandra (then Prince and Princess of Wales), and the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

He was given seven names, Edward,

Albert, Christian—after his grandfather, King Edward, and his two great-grandfathers—and George, Andrew, Patrick, David—in honour of the Patron Saints of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It is, curiously enough, by the last of these names, David, that he is known to his family and the Royal circle. The reason for its choice is that the name of "Eddie," which would otherwise almost certainly have been his, was too painfully associated with the name of the Duke of Clarence and with the loss which the Royal Family sustained by his death.

It may be supposed that Royal babies are wrapped in cotton wool and extended unusual privileges by their indulgent attendants. This certainly was not the case with our Prince of Wales. His early life was exactly the same as that of the average well-born young Briton. For the Duchess of York, as Queen Mary then was, inherited from her mother that rare, sound common sense necessary to the rearing of

a family of six high-spirited youngsters. The Queen, like her parent, was before all things a mother, whilst the King exercised the same wise rulership over the nursery as has marked his reign.

The democratic upbringing of the Prince has undoubtedly contributed greatly to his unqualified popularity, and must have been no easy task; for no matter how closely guarded against, it was inevitable that the Prince should early realize that he was destined for a position of importance remote from that of his young associates. Only such loving watchfulness as was bestowed upon him by his devoted parents and grandparents could have produced the unspoiled simplicity that is one of the Prince's greatest charms.

Many amusing and delightful stories are told of the Prince as a baby, a child, a youth, and a man; some of them may be true; one is certainly illustrative of the charming simplicity of his up-bringing.

A children's outfitter had called at York

House with a suit for him to try on; and as she was waiting in a passage near the nursery, the little Prince rushed out. "Come in," he cried, "there's nobody here!"

"I think I had better wait," she replied. "It may not be convenient for me to go into the nursery now."

"Oh yes, you can," he insisted. "There's nobody here that matters, only grandpa!"

It was "grandpa" who romped with him in the gardens of Marlborough House, and perhaps it was from "grandpa" that he learned that charm of manner so characteristic of them both.

In strict accordance with the simple domesticity of his home life, the young Prince was rarely seen in public, except upon such occasions as the coronation of his grandparents, and later of his father and mother.

The coronation of their own father and mother was a red-letter day to the Prince

and his sister and brothers. But it is doubtful whether they realized the solemnity of the occasion, for on their return from the ceremony it was discovered that they had put Prince George, the youngest of the five children who had attended the coronation, under the seat of the carriage to make more room.

The Prince's early life was spent, during the season, in London, at York House (now his own establishment), Marlborough House, or Buckingham Palace, with periodical visits to Frogmore and Windsor; the late summer and autumn were passed at Abergeldie and Balmoral ("Granny's castle," the children called it), and the winter and early spring at York Cottage, Sandringham. The last fortnight in January of each year was always spent at Windsor.

The children's visit to Buckingham Palace invariably necessitated a specially careful watch on their movements, for their love of daring was roused to no small extent by the wide, deep staircases which

are a feature of the Palace. The attendants' concern for the Prince's safety was by no means allayed when small footmarks around a frail plaster ledge only a foot wide, and running around the top of a lofty staircase, revealed a feat of unusual daring that might have resulted disastrously.

As a child the Prince was very self-possessed, and evinced none of the shyness which, later, marked his period of apprenticeship in the Navy—a shyness due to a certain extent to the training so carefully organized to reduce cadets to the level of their rank.

"Infernally bumptious" his grandfather was apt fondly to call him. On his tenth birthday he was described as "a dignified host" at the party given by the King and Queen in his honour at Buckingham Palace. On that occasion, it was noted, he solemnly received his many guests with the reserve and serenity of an experienced courtier.

During the absence of the Duke and Duchess of York, in 1900, on their nine months' tour of the Empire, a schoolroom was started for the Prince and his young brother Albert, now Duke of York, by Madame Bricka, the Duchess's old governess, who for many years had lived at White Lodge as her friend and companion.

On the return of the Royal parents it was decided that the time had arrived for a more serious form of instruction for the two boys. In the plans for their immediate future King Edward took a helpful and practical interest. It was after due deliberation of both parents and grandparents that it was arranged that their future education should be entrusted to the care of Mr. H. P. Hansell, Master at Rossall and Ludgrove, New Barnet, the private school founded by Mr. A. T. B. Dunn. Having formerly been private tutor to Prince Arthur of Connaught Mr. Hansell was experienced in Court life, and well equipped for the important and intricate

undertaking. In the spring of 1902, when the Prince was eight years old, he was accordingly appointed tutor, and remained with him from that time until the declaration of war, in August 1914. Until 1919 Mr. Hansell's connexion with the Royal House, as a very loyal and trusted counsellor, was unbroken. On his retirement in August of that year he was appointed Gentleman Usher to the King.

The education of princes has throughout history always been a very delicate and difficult matter. There are so many things to be learned which are of no assistance to them, so far as marks go, when they enter into competition with other boys who have specialized in a certain line.

Mr. Hansell's instructions for the education of his charges were very definite; he was to prepare them for the same course as had been followed by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, namely, for the naval college, except that they were not to enter together as did their father and

uncle, and that they were to go as ordinary cadets, and to live the same life as any other cadet.

The instruction of the Prince was a reproduction, as far as was practicable, of an ordinary private-school curriculum, with special attention to French and German.

In the late M. G. Hua, who was chosen as French tutor, Mr. Hansell found an invaluable colleague. French instructor to Prince Edward and Prince George, in H.M.S. *Britannia*, and with the former at Cambridge, M. Hua had also occupied the position of French master at Eton for eighteen years. In 1903 he was appointed Librarian at Marlborough House. After his death in 1909 all instruction in French was given by Mademoiselle J. Dussau, who was for many years governess to Princess Mary.

One of the Prince's gifts, which showed at an early age, was a remarkably retentive memory, particularly for verse. The celebration of the birthday of his grandfather,

the late King Edward, always included the recitation of some piece of poetry, generally one of Lafontaine's fables, by the Prince. On every other suitable occasion he was encouraged in this direction, and undoubtedly the cultivation of his gift formed the basis of the success which he has so definitely secured as a speaker. This prowess was marked very early in life. It is recorded that at a children's party the Prince was given a sword by his hostess. His father, who was still Duke of York, said that he must express his thanks for the present. Much to his surprise the youngster solemnly mounted a chair and said with much dignity and in clear tones, "Thank you for giving me such a beautiful sword. I shall always keep it and remember this night." "Little wretch," said the Duke aside, "he speaks better than I do." This was a real compliment, for from the first King George's public speeches have been, and still are, admirable both in matter and delivery.

Even as a boy the Prince possessed a charming and true voice. In this gift, fortunately, was recognized a further useful asset in his career as a speaker, and arrangements were made for its development.

With his brother and sister and a few intimate young friends, a dancing class had for some time been held at Marlborough House, and from this a small singing class was formed, under Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, of folk-song fame. Later, Mr. Sharp instructed the Prince and Princess Mary in voice production. The Prince afterwards sang in the choir, both at Osborne and Dartmouth, and at the latter place was a member of the chorus in a performance of "H.M.S. *Pinafore*," taking the part, in a golden wig, of "a sister or cousin or aunt." On another occasion he gave a spirited rendering of "John Peel" at a College concert. The only other record of his pursuit of his musical studies is to be found at Oxford, where he joined

a select body of Scottish enthusiasts, who engaged Pipe-Major Ross of the Scots Guards to teach them to play the bagpipes.

At an early age the Prince learned to fish, to cycle, to swim, and to handle a boat in a manner befitting the son of a sailor-King and a future sailor-Prince. So far as the ordinary school games were concerned, a great difficulty had to be overcome in the absence of companions and the necessary machinery.

Mr. J. Walter Jones, the well-known master of the village school at West Newtown, who had previously accompanied the King and Queen on their Dominion tour before their accession, gave Mr. Hansell much assistance both in sports and games, and through his good offices football was played at Sandringham with the village boys, and matches were arranged with teams from neighbouring private schools. During the war, nine of the boys who made up the Sandringham village

eleven served in His Majesty's forces. Every one of these boys was wounded, with the exception of one who contracted rheumatic fever on service and was discharged. Four were killed on various fronts, two disabled; one was five times wounded in Palestine and Egypt and twice torpedoed.

The Prince's eleventh birthday was celebrated by a birthday cricket match in the Home Park at Windsor, played by teams of Eton boys captained by the Prince and his young brother, Prince Albert.

Golf was always a great stand-by, particularly at Sandringham. The Prince now plays a fair game, but is pre-eminently a rackets enthusiast.

Under the watchful control of his father, whose skill with the gun and rifle is so well known, the Prince was trained to the shooting field and to the "hill" in Scotland, first by observation and then by practice. He has not inherited King

George's keenness in this direction, but in the keepers, stalkers, and ghillies he has found real philosophers and devoted friends.

In all sports and games Mr. Frederick Finch, who was appointed valet and footman to the Prince when he was five years old, gave Mr. Hansell invaluable support. Until the outbreak of war he continued his duties, and when the Prince joined his regiment he too joined the R.A.S.C. and accompanied him to France as a soldier servant. Mr. Finch is now Steward in the Prince's establishment at York House.

During his early life the Prince was carefully trained in riding, but he was not then really enthusiastic about it. It was not until his Oxford days that, under the tactful guidance of Major the Hon. Wm. Cadogan, he developed the keen interest and proficiency in hunting and horsemanship that have latterly been so marked, and of which there will be more to say. Later he became an expert

motorist, and now drives his own Rolls-Royce with more than ordinary skill. But of all games squash rackets has become the Prince's favourite. Whenever he can snatch an hour from his crowded days he indulges in this vigorous game, which provides at once stimulating exercise and keen enjoyment. That he has become thoroughly expert is shown by the fact that he was in the final of a handicap at the Bath Club, which has for many years been a favourite playground with all the Princes. After a close match he was defeated by two games to one.

On passing the qualifying examination for the Navy in the spring of 1907, the young Prince entered Osborne College, where he remained two years before going to Dartmouth. Captains E. Alexander-Sinclair and A. H. Christian were in command at Osborne during his time, and Captains T. D. L. Napier and H. Evan-Thomas—officers who rendered distinguished service in the war—at Dartmouth.

With his entry at the Naval College the Prince for the first time came into close and equal contact with other boys, and it must have been an unusually trying ordeal for the shy lad. It was overcome by the exercise of an adaptability which he speedily displayed—the same quality which has marked his later years, in the Navy, at the war, and upon his Dominion tours, and has undoubtedly contributed enormously to his popularity with all classes in all the countries he has visited.

Throughout his time at both colleges, the Prince lived the life of an ordinary cadet, taking his place amongst his fellows with a punctilious observance of his parents' insistence upon a strict equality. How entirely he became just one of themselves was well illustrated when, at the conclusion of his time at Dartmouth, he was told that his father wished him to give presents to each of the five boys there he knew best.

"I can't do that," he protested. "The

other fellows don't give each other presents, and they'll think it such awful side!"

While at the College the Prince took part in all games, but was especially to the fore with the beagles, showing promise of considerable powers as a cross-country runner. At Dartmouth he was made whip. In his first year there he ran well in the cross-country race, and in his second year, in his last term, might possibly have won, but unfortunately a severe epidemic of measles brought everything to an untimely close. He and his brother fell victims and were sent to Newquay to recuperate.

With the cadets he became a great favourite. His rank was entirely ignored by them, except upon such rare occasions as when a little party of them wished to visit the Castle at the mouth of the Dart, on Sunday, a closed day. Then they suggested that the use of his name as one of the party would gain them admittance. But the curator would have none of that.

"I've heard that story before," he

replied, "*and the Prince is never the same cadet.*"

From an intellectual point of view the Prince received a good sound education, which formed an excellent basis for future development. But above all he acquired a fine sense of duty and discipline.

During the Prince's Dartmouth training —on his sixteenth birthday—the King conferred upon him the title of Prince of Wales. Until then he had been Duke of Cornwall from the moment of his father's accession, for the eldest son of the Sovereign is the only subject who becomes a peer neither by succession nor creation, but, so to speak, in his own right. It was not, however, until the following year (1911) that he was invested with the robes and insignia of his Principality and the Earldom of Chester.

On June 24th, 1910, the day following his sixteenth birthday, the newly created Prince of Wales was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the

By permission] [*From the Prince of Wales's Collection*

THE PRINCE, THE DUKE OF YORK, AND PRINCE HENRY
AWAITING QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT ABERGELDIE

Dean of Windsor (Dr. P. F. Eliot), Canon J. N. Dalton, and the Rev. H. Dixon-Wright, R.N., Naval Chaplain at Dartmouth (afterwards killed at the Battle of Jutland), who had prepared the candidate. The ceremony took place in the little Private Chapel at Windsor Castle, before nine members of the Royal Family and a number of privileged persons. The occasion was notable as the first upon which Queen Alexandra had appeared at any State ceremony since the death of King Edward.

Whilst still at Dartmouth he performed his first public duty, restoring to the Mayor and Corporation of that town, on March 29th, 1911, the silver oar which they held formerly as a symbol of the rights associated with the Bailiwick of the Water of Dartmouth.

Upon the completion of his Dartmouth training, the natural course, in accordance with tradition, would have been for him to embark immediately for an ordinary

cruise. This, however, was interfered with by the necessity of holding his investiture as Prince of Wales. First of all, however, he had to be invested as a Knight of the Garter, an Order in which, as a constituent in its original institution, every Prince of Wales is enrolled.

The quaint five-hundred-year-old ritual that marks admission to the Order of Knighthood was performed in June 1911.

It was at Windsor Castle that the slim, fair-haired young Prince, clad in his long blue velvet cloak and crimson "cape," was formally invested with the "Most Noble Order of the Garter," which, according to ancient ceremony, was "tyed about the leg" by the King, his father. With the adjustment of the Riband and Star of the Order, he was admonished "to be courageous, and in any just quarrel undertaken to stand firm, valiantly fight, and successfully conquer." The religious sanction of the investiture followed immediately afterwards in St. George's Chapel.

CHAPTER II

A PRINCE IN THE MAKING

ON July 13th, 1911, the King "made and created" his eldest son "Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester."

Some few months previously, on March 6th, 1911, by the order of the King, the arms of the House of Saxony, which were customarily "borne upon an escutcheon of Pretence in the achievement of the Prince of Wales," were removed and arms representing the Principality of Wales substituted.

The title of Prince of Wales, definitely established by Edward III for the Black Prince in 1343, is not hereditary. It is the subject of a new grant with each reign, and is conferred at the will and discretion of the Sovereign, though in some cases the heir to the throne is simply declared Prince

of Wales. King Edward VII was created Prince of Wales by his mother when he was less than a month old.

One of the privileges the title carries is the right to sit at the right hand of the Sovereign on all solemn assemblies of State.

Curiously enough, though legends tell of the investiture in Carnarvon Castle, in 1616, of Prince Charlie of untimely end, until 1911 there existed no authentic record of an English prince having been formally invested in the Principality itself, —previous investitures having taken place in Parliaments held at Westminster or in various English towns. The people of Wales, therefore, urged that the investiture of the new Prince should take place in their own country. After much heated controversy over the rival claims of the North and South, Carnarvon Castle was appropriately selected for the ceremony.

Mr. Lloyd George was Constable of Carnarvon Castle at that time, and to his

energies is ascribed much of the successful organization of the investiture. All the costumes and other regalia worn on the occasion were designed by Sir W. Goscombe John, R.A.

The building of the Castle, which is considered to be one of the finest of its type in the United Kingdom, was begun by Edward I in 1293 and completed by Edward II. In 1660 a warrant was issued for its destruction, but fortunately the order was never carried out. In 1907 the remains of the structure were as far as possible repaired — King Edward VII evincing a great interest in the restoration.

Here the historic ceremony was revived in the open air and sunshine and in view of thousands of people. It was carried out with all the pomp and splendour of the picturesque Tudor period, and with a strict observance of the ancient ritual of the ceremony, whereby :

> " The Prince of Wales designate is presented before the King in his

surcoat, cloak and mantle of crimson velvet, and girt with a belt of the same; when the King putteth a cap of crimson velvet indented and turned up with ermine, and a coronet, on his head, as a token of Principality, and the King also putteth into his hand a verge of gold, the emblem of government, and a ring of gold on his middle finger, to intimate that he must be a husband to his country and a father to his children. To him are likewise given and granted letters patent to hold the same Principality to him and his heirs Kings of England, by which words the separating of the Principality is for ever prohibited.

"The Coronet placed on his head is of gold, and consists of crosses patée and fleur-de-lys, with the addition of one arch, and in the midst a ball and cross as hath the Royal diadem which was solemnly ordered to be used by a grant dated February 9th, 1660–61, Charles II."

Invested with all the symbols of his newly ratified rank such as the Princes of Wales have borne through centuries—the long crimson and ermine mantle, the coronet, the ring, the sword, and the verge —before rising from his knees to take his place by his father's right hand, he repeated the ancient Homage:

> "I, Edward, Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of folks."

On this occasion, also, for the first time, an English prince addressed his people in their own tongue.

Mr. Lloyd George personally coached the Prince in the Welsh tongue, which doubtless he, as a good Welshman, would describe as "the language spoken in heaven."

Princely birth, with its obligations and responsibilities, is certainly not without its disadvantages from an ordinary person's

point of view. There are, however, compensations, and, to the mercenary mind, not the least of these is the inheritance of the Duchy of Cornwall.

The Duchy was originally granted by Edward III, in 1387, to his eldest son, the Black Prince, for the support and maintenance of the dignity of his rank. Since that time, as mentioned in the last chapter, the eldest son of the Sovereign always becomes Duke of Cornwall without special creation.

Formerly the estates extended throughout England. To-day they are chiefly confined to the West, where lands in Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Dorset, Wiltshire, Berkshire, and the Isles of Scilly form the greater, but by no means the most important, part of the Duchy.

The Kennington estates in South London, although consisting of fewer than one hundred acres, yield an entirely disproportionate percentage of the total revenue. In that crowded area some 2,000 houses and

dwellings form part of the Duke of Cornwall's property. During recent years whole streets in the poorer districts have been demolished, and fine model tenements built in their place. The outbreak of war interrupted the development of elaborate plans for extensive improvements which were then in preparation.

From time to time the Prince of Wales has been approached with various schemes financially advantageous for the demolition of the famous Kennington Oval, which constitutes part of the Duchy estate, but he always refuses even to entertain any such suggestions, for he is quite determined that the South London playing-ground shall be preserved for the people.

It was on the Kennington Estate that the Prince, in June 1914, performed what he described as his first public function, as Prince of Wales, by laying the foundation-stone of St. Anselm's Church.

Although a great deal of the Duchy land

in the West has been under cultivation for well over a hundred years, it still comprises many wild and barren acres, as well as water of considerable historic interest.

Many quaint customs and ceremonies appertain to this ancient feudal lordship, and are still maintained. The Prince, as Duke, is entitled to strange suit and service of by-gone days. From one tenant white greyhounds are the levy, from another a mantle of goat skin, from yet another gilded spurs, and from the Borough of Launceston a pound of pepper.

One of the most interesting buildings on the estate is the Manor House at Bradninch, near Exeter, where Charles I stayed during the Civil Wars. This historic house contains some of the finest Elizabethan carvings in the country, to the charm and beauty of which the present holder's wonderful collection of Elizabethan and Jacobean furniture greatly adds.

During the past two hundred years a

large number of mines have been worked on the Duchy lands—chiefly in Cornwall. They are mainly worked for tin, copper, and arsenic, but practically every known mineral has been found in Cornwall. The miners of the estate are a fine type of men of inherited skill, for whom the Prince holds a high regard, but the mines themselves have never contributed much to the Duchy revenues.

In the early days of the war, more or less derelict oyster-beds were purchased by the estate, at Helford, on the mouth of the Fal, in order to find suitable employment for the long-shore fishermen of the district whom the war so seriously affected. At the time of the purchase fewer than a quarter of a million oysters were bedded there. Considerable sums have since been spent in harrowing, cultivating, laying culch and preparing fresh beds, and now there are about eight million oysters laid, which produce an average annual output of some two million. In a few years the

Cornish oysters promise to be as famous as they were in the time of the Romans.

A model farm was established by the Duchy in 1913, at Stoke Climsland. Here the Prince breeds his famous shorthorns and Dartmoor sheep. As is his invariable custom, he employs only ex-service men.

A Council of distinguished men is responsible for the management of the Duchy, but the Prince is by no means an absentee landlord. His visits to his estates are as frequent as his busy life will permit. The personal interest he shows in the welfare of his tenants, and of all those employed in the Duchy, is well known and appreciated.

A few days after his formal investiture the newly created Prince was appointed midshipman to the *Hindustan*, in which battleship he served in the North Sea for three months, under Captain Henry H. Campbell, his father's old friend and shipmate, who was appointed Governor to His Royal Highness during the cruise.

As this trip was to complete the Prince's active connexion with the Navy, a method of instruction was adopted rather different from that which is prescribed for the ordinary midshipman. To enable him to gain a more intimate knowledge of the working of a big ship in so limited a time, unusual facilities were given him, and opportunities were made for him to spend more time with his senior officers. Otherwise he was subject to exactly the same discipline as any other young officer, sharing the practical work and studies, discomforts, and amusement of his mess-mates of the gun-room.

It was after this trip that the Prince first began to reveal his individuality—the individuality of a reserved but very resolute young man,—"a real live wire" was his Commander's description of him at the end.

Prince Edward inherited his sailor father's genuine and very deep love of the sea. As a little child he was never happier

than when on board H.M.S. *Crescent*, which his father, as Duke of York, commanded, or when mastering the elementary science of seamanship on a model brig or yacht on Virginia Water. Consequently the chief result of his cruise in the *Hindustan* was to accentuate this preference till it amounted to a passion.

The months which followed, spent quietly at Sandringham in preparing for Oxford, must have proved in many ways distasteful to the imaginative, disappointed lad, obsessed as he was at that time with an ardent longing for a life at sea. But it is such personal sacrifices that Royal birth relentlessly demands. There came a welcome break when, in March of 1912, accompanied only by his devoted and sympathetic tutor, Mr. Hansell, he proceeded to Paris. Throughout his visit there he lived with the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil in their charming residence in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, close to the Arc de Triomphe.

The de Breteuils were old friends of the King and Queen, who in 1908 paid an extended visit to Paris as "Lord and Lady Killarney," and the centre of a distinguished circle in which King Edward VII had always found himself very much at home. The Marquis is a prominent member of the French Jockey Club and an all-round sportsman. He is also a politician, and sat for the Hautes Pyrénées for fifteen years in the Chamber of Deputies. It was an additional advantage that the Marquise is an American belonging to the well-known New York family of Garnett, so that their circle in Paris is a very wide one.

Such a household was peculiarly well equipped to secure the real object of the Prince's visit, which was to study the language, history, and the country of France.

Monsieur Maurice Escoffier, of the École des Sciences Politiques, was appointed his French tutor, and with him the Prince

contracted a warm and lasting friendship.

The spirit of his sojourn in Paris is well illustrated by his introduction to a large gathering of the students at their Club by M. Lépine, the celebrated Préfet de Police.

"Messieurs," he said, "voilà un jeune homme qui est venu à Paris pour étudier les hommes et les choses," and it was in accordance with this design that throughout his visit to France his incognito was strictly and tactfully maintained.

During the five pleasant months spent across the Channel the Prince passed a happy week cruising with the French Mediterranean fleet, including a descent in a submarine, and later took an extended motor tour through France.

He spent a few intensely interesting days at Le Creusot, the Woolwich of France, as the guest of M. Schneider, by whom he was taken over the famous works. There he watched, amidst dramatic surroundings, the firing of the latest field gun, the famous

·75, which was, so short a time afterwards, to make history on the battlefields of France.

At the termination of his visit the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour—the highest French decoration—was conferred upon him by the President, M. Fallières.

Throughout his visit the Prince mixed freely with many classes of French society. He rode daily in the Bois, played golf at La Boulie, attended the races, visited, and naturally took a deep interest in the great Châteaux, and showed a lively and interested appreciation of all the phases of life in the capital. Very quickly and plainly he revealed the gratifying fact that he has inherited to a marked degree his grandfather, King Edward's, knowledge of French ways of thinking and doing, and that, like him, he possesses that rare quality which might well be described as international tact.

The benefit of those five months spent

in France the Prince undoubtedly reaped to the full during the European War. The opportunity which he had taken of observing the important features and characteristics of French life enabled him to understand and appreciate the spirit of France, both during and since the war, far more clearly than the average Briton. It is upon such sympathetic understandings that lasting friendships are founded.

This informal visit to France will most probably be the only time the Prince will ever have the opportunity of visiting a foreign country as an ordinary citizen. His future travels will necessarily be of an official or semi-official nature, and his movements consequently more restricted than upon his first visit abroad. For Freedom is the forfeit all Royal personages must yield to Fate.

CHAPTER III

OXFORD DAYS

IN October 1912 the Prince of Wales, accompanied by his equerry, Major the Hon. William Cadogan, of the 10th Hussars, and Mr. Hansell, became Freshman at Magdalen College, Oxford. Unlike his grandfather, King Edward, who graduated as a nobleman, the Prince matriculated as an ordinary commoner of the College.

He regularly wrote and read essays for the President, Sir Herbert Warren, and was coached in "civics" and political and parliamentary history by the late Sir William Anson, the famous Warden of All Souls.

He resided in college rooms, dined in hall, or at one of the University clubs, and mixed freely with his fellow undergrad-

uates. For nearly two years he played football for the college second eleven, became a private in the O.T.C., hunted, golfed, ran with the beagles, and drove his own motor car, not always with strict regard to speed limits. Although he did not take an active part in rowing, he was as keen as anyone among the crowd which followed his college crews along the towpath. His vacations he spent in continental travel, visiting Germany twice—in 1912 and 1913—and Norway and Denmark, in 1914.

So entirely did the Prince enter into the life of an ordinary undergraduate, that to his contemporaries the recollection of his time at college is that of a particularly modest man, rather more retiring than his fellows, but possessed of a ready wit and a fund of good humour. No one realized more than he how the citizens of Oxford vied with the graduates and undergraduates in according him the greatest possible amount of freedom. The success

of these efforts reflects much credit both on town and gown.

In the 1914 Eights' Week special number of *The Isis*—the Oxford University magazine—the Prince was chosen as the "Isis Idol" of that issue. The following extract from the article gives a concise impression of his life at Oxford:

"It is known that it was some time before he settled down into the landsman's life: nor does Oxford think any the less of him for his loyalty to the sea. Here we all know the sort of life he lives. To pry deeply into the course of his studies and amusements would be out of place. He has followed a special course of studies in History and Modern Languages. He has entered heartily into the corporate life of his college, and the usual athletic amusements of the undergraduate. He is a familiar figure at the meets of the Oxford country-side and on the Polo field; he has marched, fought, and camped with the Officers' Training Corps. He has mixed with men who will probably help him in time to come to guide the future of the State or serve with him in the Army and

other services. Oxford will lose him with genuine regret and a keen remembrance of his strenuous life and modest bearing, but she will send him forth to his new tasks in the larger world with loyalty and confidence."

In June 1914, at the completion of his second year, there appeared in *The Times* a delightful and more intimate sketch by a fellow-graduate of his University life :

" The Prince's life at Oxford," he writes, " has been an experiment of a rather daring kind. It cannot be very easy, in planning the details of education, to reconcile the position of the Prince and the position of the man. On the one hand, it may be decided that it is impossible for the Royal personage to live the life of his contemporaries as they live it, or to go through the education of an ordinary individual. Thus King Edward was sent as an undergraduate to Oxford, but his position was never normal. He never occupied an undergraduate's room in Christ Church ; he was marked out by the special gown he wore, and when he attended

a debate at the Union everybody present respectfully rose when he entered. Thus, however pleasant and valuable his Oxford days may have been, King Edward can never have participated in the free good-fellowship which we all enjoy; he can never have tasted to the full the fun and interest which come alone from the irresponsible and equal association of friends. In realizing in its entirety the incomparable happiness of Oxford at its best, perhaps the most humble undergraduate was more fortunate than he.

"But for the present Prince it was decided otherwise. He was to be in every sense an ordinary undergraduate. No distinctions were to be observed by those he met in manner or in style of speech. There were to be no special privileges. He was to come up as a 'fresher' and behave as a 'fresher.' Thus, when he eventually arrived, we found that he was in no way different from any other undergraduate, except that he looked rather more youthful than most, that he still retained a passionate and almost wistful love of his life as a sailor, and that he had taken the unusual course for an undergraduate of bringing with him an equerry

and a tutor, who lurked somewhere in the background."

It was not without grave consideration and a certain amount of trepidation that the Prince had been permitted to enter college as an ordinary freshman. Such a proceeding had never been sanctioned before, for it was recognized to be no easy task for a Prince to mix on such terms of equality with his future subjects without losing any dignity of his rank. Every one of his contemporaries there must recall, with admiration, the success with which he crowned the very difficult and delicate experiment.

By permission] [*From the Prince of Wales's Collection*

ON H.M.S. "HINDUSTAN," APRIL 1914

CHAPTER IV

AT THE WAR

THE intended return of the Prince to Oxford as a student was unhappily never fulfilled. As was the case with so many of his college friends, the war curtailed his university career in August 1914, on the eve of his third year.

No one of our generation is likely to forget how deeply the manhood of the country was moved by the Declaration of War with Germany. Few will fail to realize that to the Heir to the Throne the opening of hostilities had, in a peculiar sense, an even greater and more personal significance. But, far-reaching as may be the effects upon his country of the impression thus early made upon his imagination and experience, it is only those who were very near to him during those days who knew how deeply he was

moved by the Proclamation of that memorable fourth of August.

On August 7th he was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant of the Grenadier Guards, on the 11th he joined his battalion (the 1st), then stationed at Warley Barracks, Essex. The following morning at eight o'clock he was on parade.

The midshipman of 1911 was now a soldier of the King. The Prince, who had so short a time before, at Carnarvon Castle, pledged his life to the King his father, was already called upon to fulfil his solemn vow.

The fact of the Prince having joined their regiment led some of its members to anticipate a relaxation of the strenuous training they were undergoing. They were quickly disillusioned, for there was no single departure from the customary routine. Not a little astonishment was aroused by the unusual powers of endurance which the somewhat frail-looking Prince displayed.

Devotedly and earnestly the Prince applied himself to duty, preparing for active service in exactly the same way as any other officer, enduring the long, tiring route marches with fortitude.

When, five weeks after he joined, the Prince's battalion was detailed for service in France, his disappointment at the decision of the Secretary of State (Lord Kitchener) that "As he had not completed his military training . . . it was undesirable that H.R.H. should proceed on active service," was boundless and heartbreaking. Few there are of us who cannot recall the pangs of disappointment which can wring the heart at his impetuous age—he was then only twenty—and every keen young man who "joined up" during the war will sympathize and understand how strenuously he urged and begged for permission to join the fighting forces. The story is told with authority in Sir George Arthur's biography of Kitchener:

"What does it matter if I am shot?"

the Prince protested to the Commander-in-Chief: "I have four brothers."

"If I were certain you *would* be shot, I do not know if I should be right to restrain you," was Lord Kitchener's grave reply. "What I cannot permit is the chance—which exists until we have a settled line—of the enemy securing you as a prisoner."

However, the Prince continued his training with the 3rd Grenadier Guards, but on November 17th of that dark 1914 he was appointed aide-de-camp to General Sir John, afterwards Viscount, French, and two days later he passed through Boulogne on his way to headquarters.

The duty of any other officer sent on active service was plainly to serve, to the best of his ability, with a total disregard of danger. The fighting spirit was encouraged, and every opportunity given him to distinguish himself in action, once he was in the lines. This was not so with the Prince. As Heir to the British Throne, his

life was not his own to give. Indeed, his presence at the Front was far too grave a responsibility to be welcomed, and it is not difficult to understand the feelings which prompted the Command to make every possible effort to keep him out of the danger zone. Nor is it difficult to appreciate the Prince's ardent desire to share the dangers of the troops.

"He was very anxious to go up with me to the front trenches," the late Sir Stanley, then General, Maude wrote home after the Prince had paid a visit to brigade headquarters, "but I told him it was impossible."

For a while silent, but bitter, conflict between the Prince and the Command ensued. But the Prince, with his very quiet but inflexible determination, insisted upon joining his battalion, and with them taking his turn for duty in the trenches, exactly as did any other officer—to the increasing alarm of the British generals.

"This job will turn my hair grey," one

of the officers, whose duty it was to attend the Prince, was heard to remark, whilst accompanying him in a zone where shells were dropping and bullets flying. "He insists upon tramping the front lines, and appears thoroughly to enjoy it—I don't," he added ruefully, "for, after all, he's Heir to the British Throne. Thank heavens he's going!" And, with a sigh of relief, the officer hurried after his charge.

It was only after so many of his colleagues on the Staff had fallen, and his dear friend and equerry, Major the Hon. William Cadogan, had been killed fighting with his regiment, that the Prince was satisfied that, while remaining at his post on the Staff, he was taking his full share of the risks of war.

Early in 1915 he had his first miraculous escape from death. After being absent from his car for only a few minutes, he returned to find it completely demolished by a bomb; his own personal chauffeur, who had been with him throughout his

Oxford days, was dead at the wheel, which he had vacated so short a while before. With his characteristic thoughtfulness, the Prince gathered together the dead man's belongings, and returned to headquarters with them carefully tied in his own handkerchief.

Until March 1916 the Prince served with the Expeditionary Force in Flanders and in France, in various parts of the line, first serving with the 1st Corps, under the command of Lieut.-General Sir Charles Monro, then with Major-General Horne (afterwards General Lord Horne), and later with the 2nd Division and with the Guards Division under Major-General the Earl of Cavan. With all the Command, as well as with every unit of the British Army, the Prince became remarkably popular. Sir George Arthur relates that Kitchener, whose admiration for King Edward VII was well known, repeatedly remarked upon the striking extent to which King Edward's most attractive traits were reproduced in the Prince.

All along the line he was constantly moving amongst the troops. With a heavy trench coat or mackintosh covering his numerous decorations, a tin hat cocked at the familiar angle, and a gas mask hanging round his neck, to hundreds of men with whom he came into close contact he was just one of the thousands of young British officers.

That his was no "feather-bed" soldiering is proved by the quite casual, but constant, references, in such books as Major Dudley Ward's *History of the Welsh Guards*, to the Prince's presence in the trenches during continuous and severe shell-fire.

"The Prince of Wales," records Major Ward on one occasion, "came up to the line, and the guns started to drop shells all round him, so that he and General Gathorne-Hardy had to double across to some pill-boxes in the Grenadier lines."

A comment which the Prince overheard, and loves to repeat, was made by a British Tommy when the Prince was pointed out

[*Daily Mail copyright*

IN THE GRENADIER GUARDS

LEADING HIS COMPANY, SEPTEMBER 1914

to him. It was on the occasion of a visit to one of the first large howitzers, in the neighbourhood of Laventie. By comparison with the enormous men of the garrison artillery who manned the gun, the Prince, fresh from his hard training, looked exceedingly thin and slight, and on that particular day was wearing very light, almost canary-coloured puttees. "Well," remarked the gigantic gunner, "judging from his legs he might be able to sing well."

Few recognized the Prince in his often mud-covered khaki, though many a man homeward bound on leave had cause to be grateful to him for lifts in his car along the straight, wearisome, shell-ridden districts of the Somme and Ypres. His leaves were brief, and were sometimes utilized for purposes of special service, as when he carried the message from Sir John French to Lord Kitchener which resulted in the former's flying visit to London on the eve of the occupation of Hill 60, of which only the King and

Kitchener were aware. These respites from the Front were for the most part spent visiting centres of commercial and war activities throughout the country, or in appealing for various war charities.

In March 1916 the Prince was appointed Staff Captain on the Staff of the General Officer Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, and proceeded at once to Egypt. The main object of his Eastern trip was to assist in reporting on the defences of the Suez Canal. But at the same time he took the opportunity of mingling with the troops in various parts of the line, and also went as far as Khartoum to visit the wounded there, returning down the Nile.

On May 7th he arrived at the Italian headquarters at Udine, and by the middle of June he was back in the lines in France —a welcome figure, with an inspiring word or a kindly smile always on his lips.

The part the Prince played during the war was necessarily inconspicuous, because,

as Kitchener had emphasized, it was very undesirable to let the enemy know too much of his whereabouts: and consequently his activities had also to be revealed with very great discretion and reserve to the public at home. But among the armies themselves his participation in the active work of the war was well known. Occasionally, too, letters written from the trenches would arrive home telling of his presence and bravery in the field, but their circulation was, of course, limited. Often he was seen making his way along the lines on an old push-bike, but as a rule, so modestly and informally did he move amongst the troops, that he was frequently unrecognized. Many a time he was "challenged" by a sentry who failed to recognize in him his future King. Certainly few of the troops serving in Italy realized that one of the intrepid officers who swept the Austrian front-line trenches with machine-gun fire from an aeroplane was the young Heir to the British Throne.

Nor were many British soldiers even in France aware of the identity of the slight figure which crawled back from a listening-post in "No Man's Land," hotly "potted" by enemy snipers.

Yet to many of those who have returned —and to those who have fallen—the mere knowledge of the Prince's presence was an inspiration, and undoubtedly his active service has given him a place apart from all other princes in the estimation of those with whom he served. This has been made apparent since the war, by the vast popularity he has achieved amongst men and women of his own age.

His frequent visits to the wounded Allied fighting men in hospital were more than welcome, for his conversation always revealed a very intimate knowledge of other lines and of the hardship peculiar to each theatre of war.

To the Prince, as to countless other young men, the war provided the "acid test" of character. Just as in base

natures close contact with death and horror develops all that is coarse and brutal, in the case of the King's son, together with so many others, it brought out all that was best. In no better manner could the far-reaching effect be expressed than in the Prince's own words when, on the occasion of his admission to the Freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall in May 1919, he said:

"The part I played [in the war] was, I fear, a very insignificant one, but from one point of view I shall never regret my period of service overseas. *In those four years I mixed with men. In those four years I found my manhood.* When I think of the future, and of the heavy responsibilities which may fall to my lot, I feel that the experience gained will stand me in good stead."

As a soldier of the King, the Prince fought in the Great War. He joined as a 2nd Lieutenant, and returned, after the Armistice,[1] with the rank of a simple Captain.

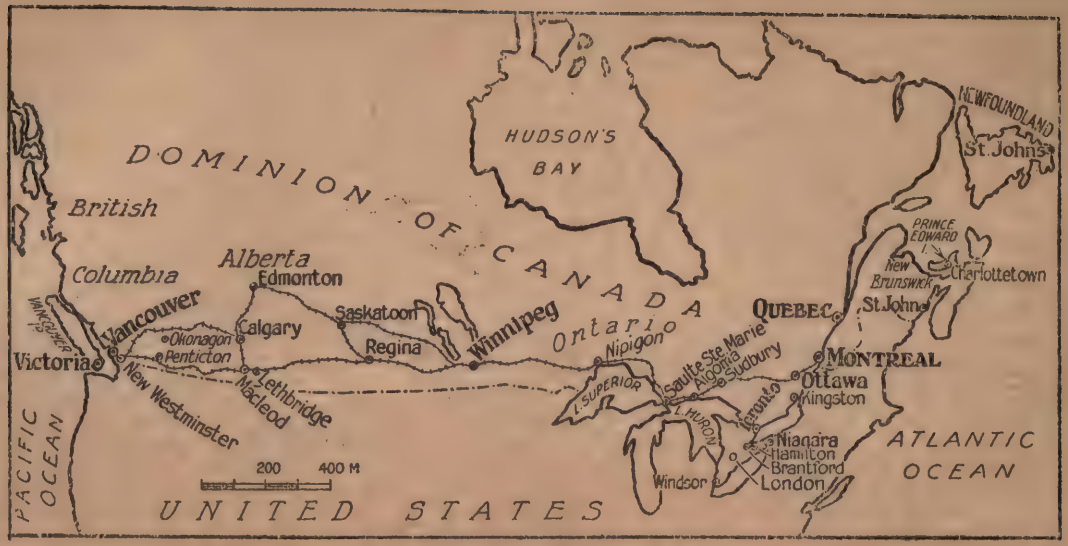
[1] It was not until after the war was ended that he was made Colonel of the Welsh Guards.

CHAPTER V

THE CANADIAN TOUR

IT is now usual for the Heir to the Throne to make a tour of the Empire. It is doubtful, however, whether the Prince of Wales would have commenced his travels so soon after the termination of the war, but for his own earnestly expressed desire to travel.

On active service he had "mixed with men," and gained a more intimate knowledge of the individual life of the ordinary person than could otherwise have been possible. The result of this unusually close association of a Prince with his future subjects resulted in an eager desire to see the world, and, in particular, to visit in their homes the fighting men of the Dominions—"my comrades in arms"—with whom he had come into contact during the war. A tour was therefore arranged, and, on August 5th, 1919, he



MAP ILLUSTRATING THE CANADIAN TOUR

left Portsmouth for a four months', more or less, informal journey through Canada. His Staff was small, but carefully chosen, and consisted of: Rear-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, as Chief of Staff; Lieut-Col. E. W. M. Grigg, Military Secretary; Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bt., Private Secretary; Commander Dudley North, Capt. Lord Claud Hamilton, and Capt. the Hon. Piers Legh.

The battle-cruiser H.M.S. *Renown*, commanded by Captain E. Taylor, R.N., in which the Prince made the trip, was very little altered for the tour. The Prince occupied the Admiral's suite, consisting of dining-room, sitting-room, and sleeping-cabin, all comfortably, but plainly, furnished, and having few additions for his personal comfort beyond a number of his own books, treasured photographs, and a gramophone.

Six days after leaving Portsmouth, the *Renown* dropped her anchor off Conception Bay, and on the following day the Prince landed at the " ancient and loyal " colony

[*Crown copyright*

BÉTHUNE: AUGUST 1916

of Newfoundland, his first stopping-place, and commenced his memorable journey, which proved to be one long procession of amazing triumphs.

The losses of the Newfoundlanders at Beaumont-Hamel and Gallipoli were well known to him. The fact that he had shared the dangers of the troops was a great point in his favour in this Island Dominion, where nearly every one of its leading citizens had given a young life to the great cause. By them he was received as a comrade of their own beloved dead.

The success of the tour cannot be too strongly emphasized, nor can its value be over-estimated. The Newfoundlanders were the first to greet him. Canada next saw the miracle of his popularity; we at home caught but an echo, and we shall do well to realize the significance of the fact that the reception was one such as has never been accorded to any other visitor to the land of the maple leaf.

The popularity of the Prince is an

amazing thing. The sentimental appeal of his youth is no doubt great, but youth of itself cannot hold and dominate a wide continent as did the Prince on that, his first tour. Royalty has a strong and direct appeal of its own, but royalty rarely touches the heart of a people as the Prince did that of Canada. Almost any royal personage would be sure of a welcome on arrival; the *real* test of Prince Edward's popularity was the crescendo of enthusiasm which followed his progress for three thousand miles across Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again. It is significant that he was even more warmly welcomed on his return to those towns to which he was able to pay a second visit.

The great Dominion is not easily moved. Polite she would always be, but her candid indifference might easily prove embarrassing to an uninteresting visitor. Yet from Quebec to Vancouver Island the Prince's reception was such as no mere accident of birth could have assured him. He was

received as an envoy; he was fêted as a man. His conquest was a tribute to himself alone; for excellent as were his speeches, often made on the spur of the moment, it was by the numerous little personal touches, for which he is becoming famous, that he endeared himself. Even the old-established Eastern towns, usually slow to awaken, greeted him with wild enthusiasm; his engaging geniality inspired the new and very much alive West, which "went wild over him." At every town vast crowds rapturously mobbed him; and at every little wayside station gatherings of scattered people collected at all hours along the route to see him pass.

His wonderfully retentive memory was a source of never-failing admiration and surprise when, here and there on his travels, he would recognize a familiar face in some backwoodsman, last seen, perhaps for a moment only, amongst scores of other wounded men in hospital; or discover in a sentry in some small town half-way across

the great continent a fellow comrade-in-arms with whom a couple of years before he was " roughing it " in France.

His itinerary was tiring and exacting. Only his extraordinary powers of endurance permitted him to fulfil the elaborate programme prepared.

On August 15th he first set foot on Canadian soil, at St. John (New Brunswick), where he was officially welcomed by the Duke of Devonshire as Governor-General of the Dominion. On October 27th he returned to Montreal from his far-western trip, having travelled considerably over 10,000 miles by train, lake steamer, and by motor car. He paid formal visits to nearly fifty towns, in addition to making innumerable informal halts at smaller places *en route*.

At each of the fifty towns he was formally received with provincial and civic addresses. His receptions were varied, from elaborate luncheons to thrilling cowboy stampedes, and from brilliant balls to

stately Indian "pow-wows." Each visit entailed triumphal processions through the town, reviews of troops, veterans, boy scouts, girl guides, and representatives of the various women's services; visits to hospitals, colleges, and institutions, and ceremonial laying of the foundation stones of many war memorials. At every town his receptions were open to every citizen who wished to be presented to him. The advantage of that unusual occurrence can well be estimated by the keen desire that has since been expressed by most British towns to be afforded a similar opportunity.

To many people the continuous and monotonous round would have been wearily irksome; it did not prove so to the Prince. He was there to see and to be seen, and he entered into the spirit of the trip with all the zest of youth. Despite his onerous duties, he danced on every evening that it was possible to do so, and he was of all dancers the most tireless, while every morning found him out in search of exercise

—squash rackets, golf, swimming, or riding or tramping the unfamiliar country.

The day of the Prince's arrival in Canada at St. John (New Brunswick) was observed as a public holiday, and proved a repetition of his warm welcome at St. Johns (Newfoundland), a welcome that was to follow him, like a shadow, throughout his trip.

During his brief visit to Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, by way of Halifax, he made an interested tour of the wonderfully fertile agricultural districts of the Island.

In French-Canadian Quebec the addresses of welcome were read in both languages, and the *habitants* were delighted when he replied in good French. After a pilgrimage to the monuments of Montcalm and Wolfe, and unfurling a Union Jack on the field of battle upon which they fought in 1759, he laid a wreath upon the monument of "Aux Braves," which commemorates Generals Murray and de Levis and the British and French soldiers who served under their command. Before leaving

Quebec he formally declared open the wonderful bridge which now spans the St. Lawrence—the greatest bridge in the world. Appropriately enough, it was over that same river, at Montreal, that the late King Edward, when Prince of Wales, had placed the last stone of the Victoria Bridge, nearly sixty years before.

At Quebec he bade a temporary farewell to the *Renown*, and boarded the special train which was to be his home for the next two and a half months. A tribute to the efficiency of the Canadian Pacific Railway, it was beyond question the most complete and perfectly equipped train which has ever been run.

The number of passengers, including the Prince's staff, special correspondents, railway officials, telegraph operators, car repairers, and attendants, averaged about one hundred. The train consisted of two baggage cars at the head, four sleeping-cars, a dining-car, one compartment car, and two private cars in the rear. The

Prince's own car, "Killarney," lent by Lord Shaughnessy, ex-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., was the last carriage, and had an observation platform, in addition to the Prince's sleeping- and dining-rooms, and compartments for three of his suite.

The cars were complete in every detail. Each had its own electric lighting system, steam heating, and telephone connexions with the other cars. There were also dark-rooms for the photographers, shower-baths, work-benches for the electricians, a dispensary, and a tailor's work-room. Two first-rate chefs, one French and the other Italian, were also on board; for the Prince had much entertaining to do *en route*.

. . . . . .

Toronto was the first official stop of this novel hotel on wheels. The following two busy days were a revelation of the extent to which Canadians can show their fervour. Over half a million people are said to have attended the Prince's reception, and so

dense were the crowds that gathered to meet him that progress was impossible. Then on to Ottawa, where the Duke of Devonshire and the Dominion Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, received him. A quiet week-end in the capital preceded the festivities of September 1st, Labour Day, which is observed on the first Monday in September throughout Canada and the United States. One of the outstanding features of the day was the Prince's enthusiastic welcome from the ranks of the trade unionists through which he drove.

Next day the Royal party arrived in Montreal, and drove over forty miles through crowded and bedecked streets, thronged in many districts with French-Canadians. The following day the journey West was continued along the shores of Lake Huron to Algoma, short stops being made at North Bay and at Sudbury.

The last township officially visited, before proceeding to Winnipeg, was Sault-Ste-Marie, at the junction of the Lakes

Huron and Superior, midway across Canada.

At Nipigon (Ontario) the journey was broken to enable the Prince to take a well-earned three days' rest from public sight-seeing, which he spent camping on the Nipigon, duck-shooting, trout-fishing, and descending the famous Nipigon rapids in a frail birch-bark canoe.

All those who know the virile and vivacious West will believe that the first day at Winnipeg proved to be one of the most strenuous he had yet encountered. His progress through the streets was impeded every few yards by the vast crowds; thousands of people were presented to him. By the evening his right hand was entirely out of commission as a result of the cordial Western hand-shaking. On the following day it was found essential to beg of those attending his receptions to be content with passing in front of him in single file, so as to spare him, in the words of the Deputy Minister of Public Works, "the

physical torture of a continual hand-shaking for a protracted period."

Whilst still in Winnipeg he gave a special audience to an aged priest, Father Dandurand, 101 years of age, and also received an unofficial deputation of citizens of the United States, who had crossed the border in the hope of seeing him.

It was with his right hand in a sling that the Prince took his leave of Winnipeg, stopping for a few hours at Saskatoon on his way to Edmonton. This was the first time any member of a reigning family had visited this interesting town of the live, rolling, productive West, and people travelled hundreds of miles to greet him. Here, in addition to the usual loyal addresses of welcome, he was provided with an entertainment entirely after his own heart, in the form of a "stampede" of cowboys, gathered together from the wide and vast surrounding districts, who gave a hair-raising exhibition of sitting "bucking broncos," steer-riding, lassoing, and

jumping from horseback on to galloping steers. At the conclusion of the exhibition nothing would satisfy the Prince's keenness for horsemanship but that he should ride one of the broncos which had taken part, which he did, surrounded by a delighted escort of mounted cowboys.

At Edmonton the same outbursts of popular affection greeted him as awaited his arrival two days later (Sept. 15th) at Calgary, where over half the population turned out to welcome him. Here he broke his itinerary to spend thirty-six hours as the guest of Mr. George Lane, at his ranch at Bar U, which has been described as the largest cattle-ranch in Canada. Most of the time he spent out on the ranch, mounted, and taking part in the " rounding up " of 2,000 head of cattle, and renewing acquaintance with many an ex-service man.

Followed four leisurely days, travelling by day only through the grand Canadian Rockies, and spending one night at Banff, where he was greeted by the Stoney tribe

of Indian braves and squaws in their gorgeous native costumes.

This was one of the most novel greetings of his trip, and was followed by a ceremony touching in its childish simplicity.

In the picturesque setting of the gaily painted wigwams of the tribe, pitched in a fertile valley, rich already with glowing autumn tints, that lies among the rugged snow-capped mountains, the representatives of the Old and the New World met—across centuries of time, it seemed. In both the native tongue and in English, Chief Young Thunder, head of that pathetically small band of the vanishing race, and brilliant in his war-paint, offered an address of welcome to the slight young Prince, Heir to the Throne that represents all that is modern and progressive.

"Your Royal Highness," he said, "we are thankful we are allowed to come to Banff to meet you and express to you our loyalty to your great father, our King. We ask you to accept from us this Indian

suit, the best we have, emblematic of the clothes we wore in the happy days. We beg you also to allow us to elect you as our Chief, and to give you the name of 'Chief Morning Star.' We are thankful the war is over, and glad to welcome you to this land of our forefathers as our Chief."

Later, "Chief Morning Star" indulged in a round of golf, followed by a dance, and a midnight bathe in the open-air sulphur pool below the hotel.

Next day, by way of Lake Louise, he passed over the Great Divide, the highest point attained by the railway in the Rocky Mountains, and, leaving the train at about 10,000 feet above the sea-level, rode along the rough mountain trail, down the winding valley of the Kicking Horse River, to Field. From Field he took a fourteen-mile walk, round the base of Burgess Mountain to Emerald Lake and back, before rejoining the train. There is nothing the Prince loves better than a long tramp. His tireless energy in this

direction was frequently a sore trial to the entourage.

" A walk with the Prince is like following the hounds afoot," one of his staff remarked on the trip. " We tramp for miles, and he never turns a hair."

Near Revelstoke came one of the many thoughtful incidents which mark the Prince as an ideal future ruler. Hearing that a train was expected from the opposite direction, carrying some hundred men of the 25th Middlesex, H.A.C., and gunners, returning from Siberia, he had his train pulled up at a little wayside station, and greeted them on the lonely railway track 8,000 miles from home.

. . . . . .

On September 22nd, just seven weeks after leaving the British Isles, the Prince reached the City of Vancouver and the Pacific Coast. For over two miles the streets were lined with people; indeed, Vancouver boasted that within an hour of the time at which he had left his train,

more than half of its population of over two hundred thousand had seen the Prince.

Next day he left for Victoria (British Columbia) by steamer—about the same distance as between Southampton and Havre—across the wonderful bay dotted with innumerable beautifully wooded islands. Flowers strewed his path on arrival at Victoria, and in the evening skilfully planned illumination turned the city into fairyland.

The return journey east began on September 28th by way of New Westminster and Penticton, where he toured the famous apple-growing district of Okanagan, by steamer and motor into Alberta, visiting Macleod and Lethbridge, two rising prairie towns. At the latter place the Prince was made a chief of the Blackfeet Indians.

At Regina (an aptly named town for a Royal tour), after visiting Medicine Hat, where he inspected the largest pottery in Canada and the pork-packing establish-

ment of Moosejaw, a halt was called for a five-days' shooting expedition, during which he found time to visit a neighbouring sanatorium devoted to convalescent returned tubercular soldiers near Fort Qu'Appelle.

October 11th found him back in Winnipeg, where, at a luncheon which he gave at the Royal Alexandra Hotel to a large number of ladies and provincial, civic, and press representatives from Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia, he said farewell to the West, announcing to a delighted audience his conversion into a Westerner by the purchase of a small ranch in Alberta.

This acquisition was, indeed, a happy thought, and created a great deal of satisfaction—particularly throughout Canada and the United States, where the disposition of the Royal Family to enter into such pursuits and enterprises is not so well known as it is in the United Kingdom.

Happily named the " E.P." Ranch, the

Prince's property lies in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, about fifty miles south-west of Calgary. It consists of considerably over four thousand acres, mostly under grass, and was formerly a part of the Beddingfield Ranch, which, established in 1883, is considered to be one of the most prosperous in the High River district of Alberta.

Devoted mainly to horse breeding for many years, the land was in need of rest, and it was arranged that some time should elapse before the introduction of cattle and sheep, which it was designed to import mainly from the Prince's model farm in Cornwall.

The E.P. Ranch is to become the home of a herd of fine-bred shorthorns of the beeving type, which it is hoped will prove of value and importance to the business of stock-breeding in Western Canada. In accordance with the owner's custom, it is entirely worked by ex-service men.

After making practically a forty-four

hour non-stop run, the Royal train arrived in Cobalt (Ont.) on October 16th, where, dressed in a miner's overall, the Prince descended the famous mines. Through Hamilton he proceeded to Niagara, where in the evening, to enable him to obtain a first and novel glimpse of the mighty falls, a specially installed and elaborately planned electric lighting system had been arranged over the level of the swirling waters at the foot.

The next day was spent quietly in seeing the sights of Niagara. Needless to say, he took the sporting trip over the whirlpool, where Capt. Webb lost his life, in the tiny travelling cage which runs suspended by a wire rope over the rapids.

A special journey was next made to Brantford to enable him to visit the Mohawk Chapel, the first English Church in Upper Canada, erected in 1775; and to spend some time with the six tribes, whose reservation is close to the town, and who elected him their "Chief of Dawning."

The return journey to Montreal was made by way of Galt, London, Windsor, and Kingston, where he visited the Royal Military College—the Sandhurst of Canada—lunching with Major-General Archibald Macdonnell, who commanded the First Canadian Division in the war.

The reception accorded the Prince on the occasion of his second visit to Montreal, and later to Toronto, surpassed in warmth even the previous enthusiastic welcome. In the streets of both towns such loud and sustained cheering as had never been heard in Canada before greeted his every appearance.

A quiet week-end at Ottawa brought the wonderful Canadian trip to an end. The young unofficial ambassador of the Empire could rest content in the certain knowledge that the tour had resulted in strengthening the indissoluble bond of sympathetic friendship for his House and his Country which exists throughout the British Dominions.

CHAPTER VI

THE UNITED STATES VISIT

A VISIT to the United States was not originally intended as a sequel to the Prince of Wales's Canadian tour. But so sincere and pressing were the invitations from that country, and so eager was the Prince to take the opportunity of seeing, in their own land, those many good friends he had made in France during the war and, later, on the banks of the Rhine when he visited the American headquarters there, that a brief visit to Washington and New York was arranged for him before he should sail for home.

For that reason the Prince had refrained from crossing over the bridge to the American side on his visit to Niagara, and on November 10th he first stood on the soil of the United States. From the

moment he arrived it was apparent that the visit was happily conceived.

It was at Rouse's Point, N.Y., that he crossed the great unfortified boundary of 3,000 miles, where peace has remained unbroken for over a hundred years, a messenger of proved and tried friendship between two peoples of kindred speech and institutions.

At that time President Wilson was still suffering from the long and trying illness that followed his participation in the Peace Conference held in Paris; it therefore fell to Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, to welcome the Prince in the name of the President at the little wayside border station.

Certainly every one of the two thousand inhabitants of Rouse's Point must have witnessed the official welcome, and combined in the hearty unofficial one accorded him. Not a few of the youngsters expressed regretful surprise that he was not wearing a crown, but their disappointment

was quickly dispelled by the Prince's own natural charm. Before he could enter his train again he was besieged, in the whole-hearted and persistent manner peculiar to the American souvenir-collector, by supplicants for his autograph, who found the good-natured Prince a ready victim.

One of the first persons to be hailed by the Prince on American soil was a wounded Canadian soldier, "gassed" at Vimy, whom the Prince immediately recognized on the crowded platform.

The day of the arrival in Washington was the 11th of November, the anniversary of the signing of the Armistice. At eleven o'clock, in conformity with the British ceremony, the Royal train halted, whilst running through Baltimore, for the observance of the Two Minutes' Silence, during which time the Prince and his entourage stood to attention. On the station platform a little group of British war veterans had gathered to see the Prince pass through. At the conclusion of the Great

Silence, with his mind still back in France with those by whose side he had fought, and with those who had fallen, the Prince stepped out on to the observation platform of his car. Catching sight of the familiar uniform of the loyal little party on the platform, he asked that the train might be further delayed while he shook each of the former soldiers warmly by the hand.

Washington is generally regarded as the most staid city in the United States; if that is true, then the beautiful capital dropped, for once, her reserve to honour our Prince of Wales, for, when the first shock of his entire lack of convention was over, her welcome was inspiring in its warmth.

His meeting with the Cabinet members and other American officials on his arrival, his cordial reception of his old friend General Pershing, and his affectionate greeting of Lord Grey immediately revealed him to the Americans as a gallant, unassuming young Briton without a trace

of " side." He completely won the respect and good-fellowship of the most critical assembly he had yet encountered.

In the democratic young Prince the Great Democracy found someone after their own hearts; a prince, not only of a Royal and ancient house, but also of good fellows.

As a Prince, this jolly, free-and-easy young man, who shared their fun whether the laugh was " with " or " on " him, who entered into their enjoyments and expressions with all the zest of the modern youth, was something entirely new to them, but, as they freely observed, he " got there every time," and the royal welcome that was given him was far more for himself than for his proud ancestry. So completely did he prove himself to be what they termed " a real mixer," that they dropped the customary " Sir," and addressed him familiarly as " Prince."

" They ' Princed ' me so much," he laughingly said on his return, " that after a

while I felt that instead of speaking I should bark."

The instantaneous and complete capitulation of democratic criticism was one of the greatest tributes that could have been paid to the personality of the Prince. It is one that his future subjects will be proud to remember. In a country where no ties of Empire exist, and where Royalty has not ruled for over a hundred years, the reception is significant, for on the personal factor must all successful diplomacy rest.

During the Prince's short stay in Washington, the handsome Perry Belmont establishment, one of the finest houses in the capital, was placed at his disposal. His first call was at White House, where, over the tea-table, he renewed his pleasant acquaintanceship with Mrs. Wilson and Miss Margaret Wilson. The President was still confined to his bed. On that day he was too ill to see the visitor, but on the following afternoon the Prince paid a visit to the sick man's room, and was greeted by

President Wilson, lying, propped up with pillows, on the massive mahogany bed in which Lincoln had slept during his anxious years at White House; the very bed, the President told the Prince, in which his grandfather, Edward the Seventh, as Baron Renfrew, had slept when he was entertained at White House by President Buchanan in 1860.

This was the first time an Heir to the British Throne had visited the United States as Prince of Wales; King Edward stayed there as Baron Renfrew. The Prince's visit therefore was a strictly formal one. Instead of being the sight-seeing trip so many of his subjects imagined it would be, it developed into the most strenuous experience of his first great journey. It was necessary that he should make official calls. He paid a visit of inspection to the United States Naval College at Annapolis, and to the American wounded at the Walter Reed Military Hospital, with a review and decoration of

American officers, enlisted men, and Red Cross nurses, and attended the many brilliant functions that had been arranged for him. The press reported that never before had Washington crowded into so short a period so many élite gatherings as in those few days of the Prince's visit. The débutantes of many of the States were gathered there in all their youth and beauty, and certain newspapers, which hailed him as "Wales," speculated not a little as to which of America's fair "buds" he would choose to be England's Queen.

It would not be easy to picture a more difficult and delicate task than that of addressing the National Press Club of Washington, which represents the élite of American journalism. Composed of between two and three hundred correspondents, such an audience would naturally be full of expert judges of public speaking. The Prince, when he faced this ordeal, said little, but his audience agreed

that he "put it over." They particularly appreciated the directness with which, after thanking the American people for their hospitality, he went straight to his point.

"I know," he said, "that you gentlemen of the Washington Press are very highly trained critics on public writing and public speech, and I am not at all your equal in that respect, but, happily for me, what I want to say to you is easily said. It is to tell the American people through you with what pleasure I recall my visits to their gallant forces in Europe last winter and how glad I am now to be making an acquaintance with the great people from whom those forces came.

"I was able to visit several of your divisions in France and Germany, and also the very smart Sixth Battle Squadron which you sent to join the Grand Fleet in the North Sea. The fine spirit of your soldiers and sailors, officers and men, appealed to me very strongly, and made me wish to know their country and their kin. The rapidity of your organization, moreover, enabled me to realize with what

devotion and with what strength this mighty nation can espouse a noble cause.

"Now that I am really here in the United States I feel that my anticipations will be completely fulfilled. Your institutions, your ways of life, your aims are as democratic as ours, and the atmosphere in which I find myself is the same invigorating and familiar atmosphere I have always noted in American friends."

The night before he left Washington a reception was given for him in the wonderful Library of Congress, which contains all the histories and documents dealing with the separation of the thirteen American colonies from that Empire over which he is destined to reign. For over two hours, instead of only the allotted hour, the Prince stood at the head of the great white marble staircase, receiving, with a word and a smile for everyone, the members of the House of Representatives and Senate and their wives, members of the various foreign embassies, and a large number of official

and prominent citizens and their families. He offered a friendly though painfully swollen *left* hand (his right was badly out of service) to each. The real pleasure and pluck he displayed through this very trying ordeal was well rewarded. It was unanimously agreed by the people and the Press that his boyish charm and engaging manner had made him one of the most popular foreign guests Washington had ever received.

. . . . . .

On November 15th the Prince, in accordance with plans that had been made for him, started off to spend what he intended should be a few quiet days at White Sulphur Springs. But the Royal visitor had yet to learn that in the United States, and in such matters, what man proposes the Press often disposes. The news of his intention leaked out, and, as a result, the entire population of the celebrated West Virginian winter resort was at the station to greet his arrival. And what a

wonderful crowd it was—"society" personages, Virginian darkies and their piccaninnies, and country folk from the Alleghany farms and villages, all eager for a glimpse of the Prince, and pressing after his slight figure as he walked quickly to his hotel. He spent a leisurely few days in golfing, and then proceeded to New York.

Successful as had been the Prince's brief Washington visit, it remained for New York to exhibit to the full the warmth with which the people of the United States had taken to him.

New York is a city of vast contrasts and great uncertainty. A city just as likely politely to ignore celebrities as to fête them. Her world-renowned hospitality is as capricious as a woman, and, as with most women, her judgment is almost invariably based upon first impressions. Personality counts for more than prestige in "little old New York." Every distinguished visitor is subjected to the same sharp criticism before the seal of popular

approval releases that hospitality which, once extended, knows no limit.

The exact nature of the reception of the Prince was, therefore, uncertain until his actual arrival. But immediately he stepped ashore at the Battery, where fifty-nine years before his grandfather, King Edward, had landed, all doubt as to his welcome was swept away by the wave of real enthusiasm which greeted him. He was given what is locally known as the "once over," and was immediately approved.

The formal welcome was given in the old City Hall, perhaps the most historic public building in New York, but the heart of the people was revealed to him by the tumultuous greeting he received as his motor-car passed slowly through the dense throngs, along the busy "down-town" streets, carpeted with confetti, and gay with coloured-paper streamers lowered down from the flanking sky-scrapers. Before he had gone many yards, the Prince was on

his feet, one hand to his uniform cap, and a smile on his lips. All along Broadway he remained standing in the open car, saluting, smiling, and bowing his acknowledgments to the enthusiastic crowds. At the City Hall the formalities of New York's welcome were delayed for some minutes by the spontaneous tribute of her citizens.

In the City Hall he received, at the hands of New York's Mayor, Mr. Hylan, the Freedom of the City and his official welcome. Then out again into the crowded streets, brilliant in the Indian summer sunshine, through the pressing, eager thousands who gathered all along the route, to Grant's tomb, on Riverside Drive, where he placed a wreath on the sarcophagus of that great American.

It was with difficulty that he was extricated from the pressing throng at the landing of the Columbia Yacht Club, from which he rejoined the *Renown*, lying on the Hudson River, which was to be his

headquarters during his visit to New York. Land quarters had been arranged for him at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel.

The next few days brought a succession of gay entertainments for New York's latest "freeman," including a brilliant performance given in his honour at the Metropolitan Opera House, where an embarrassingly enthusiastic ovation almost overwhelmed the young citizen. But he was determined to do the "sights" of that unique and majestic city, and, in consequence, put in some of the most energetic days of his life. From early morning until early morning he was "kept busy," at work or play, for, in the midst of the whirl and excitement of sight-seeing, he did not forget his princely duties. In addition to innumerable receptions and reviews, he spent some hours of one crowded day at West Point, reviewing the cadets, and inspecting the grounds and buildings of the United States Military Academy; on another he drove out to

Oyster Bay, Long Island, to lay a wreath on the grave of President Roosevelt.

On the day preceding his departure the Prince gave a kiddies' party on board the *Renown*. That was a treat which one thousand New York school children will ever remember. They were conveyed to the cruiser in launches, and were each received by the Prince—" the real Prince," as one of the youngsters proudly stated—who had a word for every one of them. On the big capstan a merry-go-round had been built, and on the after deck the ship's electricians had erected a switch-back railway.

One of the last of the Prince's multifarious duties on the crowded last morning was a review of boy scouts.

When eventually the *Renown*, with the Prince on the bridge, weighed anchor and sailed for home, the banks of the Hudson were lined with people, whose lusty cheers were almost drowned by the shrill whistles of tugs and ferry boats, noises which, in

their turn, were deadened by the thundering boom of the guns of the harbour forts.

It was only "au revoir" the Prince would say, not "good-bye." The vitality of the United States had appealed to him, as it always does to youth, and the appeal had been mutual. America felt, and evinced, a genuine respect and regard for this young visitor who, while loving the freedom and gaiety of the rank and file, lost none of his princely dignity.

Throughout the visit he had been given a real, hearty, democratic welcome; and he was not reticent about letting the city know how warmly he reciprocated its feelings. During his visit he had been treated to a variety of new experiences, and had met all kinds of unfamiliar people. On each occasion he had responded in such a manner as to leave behind him a trail of appreciative good wishes. He had captured the United States. Why?

"It's the smile of him," the *New York*

Sun explained, "the unaffected modest bearing of him, the natural fun-loving spirit that twinkles in his blue eyes, and that surest of all poses, the recognition of duty to be done triumphing over a youngster's natural unease and embarrassment."

The most noticeable result of this flying visit to the United States was the establishment of a *camaraderie* which struck an entirely new note in the ceremonial of nations.

Of every distinguished personage the public forms its own conception. In the Prince of Wales the people of the United States appeared to find an entirely new model. In press comments and in the streets the phrase "the democratic Prince" was continually heard, in a tone of astonishment as well as of admiration, and in a tone, moreover, in which neither Royalty nor Democracy suffered the least eclipse.

CHAPTER VII

ROYALTY IN RESIDENCE

FOR London the Prince has always displayed a genuine and very special affection. On his return from the Canadian tour and United States visit on December 1st, 1919, the Metropolis did her utmost to make his home-coming real, by greeting him with one of the densest of her own particular fogs, followed by drizzling rain. After the delightful Indian-summer sunshine of New York, the contrast must, indeed, have been marked. But it was a very pleased young Londoner who, in naval uniform, stepped eagerly from his train at Victoria into the embraces of his delighted family. The greetings, following an absence of over four and a half months, were affecting in their warmth; and after the unrestrained welcome of his Royal

parents there came a very special and hearty hug for his beloved grandmother, Queen Alexandra, who, on that same day, was celebrating her seventy-fifth birthday.

To permit the Prince to receive, in his own right, the people's welcome home, the rest of the Royal family remained at the station for some time after the Prince had left for Buckingham Palace. Despite the unpropitious weather, the entire route was lined with cheering crowds. Except for a slightly more assured air and, perhaps, a readier smile, the Prince they greeted was the same unassuming young man whom they had seen off from London four months before. The unexpected triumph of his tour had in no way affected his charming simplicity. Even the slight air of reserve, which is so characteristic of every returning Englishman, was apparent. The crowd followed him to the very gates of Buckingham Palace, and it was not until the Prince appeared on the balcony that it consented to disperse.

That evening a banquet was given at Buckingham Palace, in honour of his return, at which the King made a touching speech of welcome to his son. In reply, the Prince spoke with genuine feeling of the warmth of his reception throughout Canada.

"But I am not conceited enough," he said, "to suppose that all this was personal to myself. The wonderful welcomes were given to me as your son and heir in one of your own Dominions, where the happiest memories of yours and the Queen's visit of eighteen years ago are deeply cherished to-day. I am the bearer of numberless messages which I was asked to convey to Your Majesties—messages of true affection and loyalty to your Throne. I can assure you, Sir, of Canada's deep devotion to all that you, as Sovereign of the Empire, represent."

It might well have been supposed that the Prince would take a prolonged rest after so strenuous a journey before beginning to fulfil the many engagements that were

awaiting his return. Actually he spent only a few weeks of necessary recuperation before starting upon a succession of public and semi-public appearances, although it was found essential to reduce these to a minimum.

During the month following his return he was formally appointed to the office of High Steward of Windsor, receiving at the same time the Freedom of the Royal Borough, created a Fellow of the Royal Society, and admitted to the Freedom and Livery of the Goldsmiths Company.

One of the most impressive and important of the functions he attended shortly after his return was his official welcome home at the Guildhall of London. There, in a remarkably good speech, he adumbrated an impressive ideal of the ties of Empire.

"The people in the old country," he said, "must understand that the patriotism of the Dominion is national patriotism, and not merely loyalty to Great Britain.

It is loyalty to the British institutions; it is loyalty to the world-wide British system of life and government; and it is, above all, loyalty to the British Empire of which Great Britain, like the Dominions, is only a part."

It was in the same key that he spoke of his visit to the United States, which he hoped would not be his last, and where he had felt at every turn how closely their ideas of life and politics resembled our own, and was deeply touched by the demonstrations of goodwill that met him everywhere.

It is by such expressions that the Prince has proved that he is a subtle observer of the crowds with which he mixes, and that behind his vigorous handshaking and open-hearted gaiety there lies a shrewd understanding of the spirit of men.

. . . . . .

The brief interlude of rest the Prince spent quietly with his family, riding a great deal in Windsor Great Park with his

sister, Princess Mary, and his brothers, and visiting one or other of his homes. For the Prince, like all English-speaking peoples, is essentially a home-lover, and his predilection in this direction has been fostered to no small extent by the domesticity of his own family circle and upbringing.

Our Royal Family have naturally their share of the stately homes of Great Britain, and each of them is typical of some aspect or phase of our national life. Windsor is one of their two ceremonial residences, Buckingham Palace, of course, being the other. Standing high above a great bend of the Thames, and overlooking four counties, the Castle is a conspicuous landmark for many miles around. Its immediate surroundings—the Great Park with its famous and extensive deer forest, Eton College and the playing fields, and the historic islet of Runnymede—all form an unique setting to Windsor as a home for our future King. If, as is believed, sur-

roundings have an effect upon the personality of those brought up in them, Windsor, with its traditions of well-nigh a thousand years and its reminiscences of his ancestors, must have an abiding influence upon the Prince. English history is in every stone, and he would indeed be insensible to his environments, which the Prince is distinctly *not*, if he did not imbibe some of the glorious traditions associated with this, the greatest of Norman strongholds.

Inside the Castle there is a real home, abundant with evidences of the Queen's inherited and well-known interest in domestic affairs. To Her Majesty's solicitude is due much of the comfort enjoyed by those distinguished foreigners and others who have the good fortune to be numbered among the guests at Windsor.

The Castle is a little government unto itself. It is self-contained and complete in every detail, and there are all manner of strange relics of bygone times in the

numerous semi-dependents who occupy the infinite ramifications of and about the Castle. Though probably retrenchment is as necessary to the Royal Family as it is to everybody else, and though there is no extravagance of any kind permitted in any of the Royal establishments, the ancient fortress is perfectly, if economically, maintained. Owing chiefly to the initiative of Prince Albert, it is in better condition now than it was a hundred years ago. As in all the Royal residences, life at Windsor is of well-ordered clock-work regularity. It has repeatedly been noted how rarely the Prince is late for any function, despite a multitude of engagements, and he certainly has his parents to thank for his remarkable punctuality.

Since the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, the Royal Family have always delighted in the Highlands. The Prince is particularly attached to Balmoral, and, as a child, spent a good deal of time there and at Abergeldie. Only the war and

his travels have interfered with his invariable custom of passing the autumn there.

Balmoral Castle is a modern and not very extensive residence, built in the Scottish baronial style under the direction of Prince Albert. Here the Prince has been able to turn the open-air hours which he loves so well, to good advantage in acquiring first-hand knowledge of the Scots and their ways, and of the Highlander in particular.

Balmoral, like Windsor, is also essentially a home, and is as typically Scottish as Sandringham is English. Simply but appropriately furnished, the "policies" possess all those charms which make Scotland the holiday ground of all who can afford it.

The Royal love for Scotland is well known and appreciated. The Prince found that the overseas Scots—and they are scattered all over the Empire—were among the most fervid of his supporters.

It was King Edward, when Prince of

Wales, who established himself in East Anglia, at Sandringham, in an air almost as bracing as that of Balmoral. The house, with about eight thousand acres, was purchased by him in 1863, and there he and Queen Alexandra, as Prince and Princess of Wales, resided during their early married life. The massive wrought-iron gates at the main entrance were presented to them by the county as a wedding gift.

The present house, which is Queen Alexandra's favourite residence, dates only from 1870, when the old building was entirely removed and the present fine mansion was built. Unlike the other Royal estates in most respects, Sandringham resembles them all in being under model and liberal management, despite the hard times which are reducing the establishments of so many of the homes of England.

The grounds, with the magnificent Great Avenue of limes, delightful rosery, Queen Alexandra's wild garden, and the famous

rhododendrons, are a great feature of the estate. The numerous trees are an especial interest, for King Edward inherited his mother's love of memorial trees, and it was an almost invariable custom for each distinguished guest to plant one before leaving. As an iron label, inscribed with the name and date, was always attached, these now form an interesting link with the past.

Although Sandringham, in common with most Norfolk estates, has excellent shooting, it is no mere temple of the *battue*. The gardens, farms, and cottages are all well maintained; it is indeed a model estate, and owes much of its success to the interest displayed in their homes by King Edward and Queen Alexandra, whose customs have been followed by the present King and Queen.

York Cottage, where so much of the Prince's childhood was spent, was originally designed as a "bachelor" wing for Sandringham in the days when King Edward

entertained there so largely. During their early married life, King George and Queen Mary, as Duke and Duchess of York, spent a great deal of time there.

Everyone on the estate is perfectly at ease with the present Royal Family. The Prince and his sister and brothers were brought up there, and are as well known as any other children in the village. Their position is very much the same as that of the sons and daughter of an English country squire living on his broad acres.

It is greatly due to the informal upbringing of the Royal children, and their mixing, in early life, with the Sandringham residents, that the Prince has developed that extreme naturalness which has brought him such undoubted popularity, and which evoked such wide and favourable comment throughout his tours.

CHAPTER VIII

THE NEW ZEALAND TOUR

THE elaborate praise which has so often been accorded to Royalty had at first minimized the credit due to the extraordinarily energetic and vigorous personality of the Prince. But, as the comments of the always outspoken Canadian and American newspapers, after his visit to those countries, began to circulate throughout the world, there arose an increasing desire on the part of the people at home to see the Prince themselves.

And if the wish was great in Britain, it was even more insistently voiced by the Dominions not yet visited. The great Guildhall speech, which was widely cabled all over the Empire, still further emphasized the desire of our fellow-subjects "down under" to have him among them. The

returned members of the Australian and New Zealand forces were clamorous for a visit.

It soon became apparent that the Prince would not remain long at home. Actually fewer than four months elapsed before he again set out, this time for the far-off Antipodes.

On March 16th, 1920, he left these shores, again in the *Renown*, taking with him the same staff that had accompanied him on his previous trip.

The greater part of the voyage to Barbados was uneventful, though hardly on that account the less enjoyable to the Prince with his great love of the open sea. Sport, which is never far from his mind, was soon instituted—ball-punching, squash rackets, and gun and revolver practice at clay figures became part of the ship's routine.

From Barbados the *Renown* proceeded to Panama, reaching the Canal at sunrise on March 30th. The passage of

this marvellous waterway was one of the wonders of the trip. It was a fascinated young sailor who attentively watched the rising of the *Renown* at the rate of five feet a minute to the crown of the Isthmus.

After crossing the artificial lake of Gatun, the *Renown* slowed down for the passage of the Culebra Cut. In his speeches at Panama, where a cordial reception awaited him, the Prince revealed a full comprehension of how magnificent a scientific and engineering triumph had been the clearing and construction of the Canal, and of the gigantic efforts that had been expended to transform the deadly swamp into a clean and healthy settlement.

The next port was San Diego, California. Here quite an ordeal awaited him. A fine welcome by the American Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific squadrons prefaced his landing, and when he went ashore the beach and route were lined with cheering thousands. In the great Stadium there,

he spoke to an audience of nearly twenty thousand people, making use of the "Magna Vox," an ingenious instrument that carried his voice to the extreme limits of the vast building.

Through the tropical seas the Prince enjoyed a variety of receptions and experiences. At every port at which he landed it was the pleasure of the inhabitants to give him of their best, and to show him all the many phases of their oft-times strange life. At Honolulu he received both a modern and an ancient welcome—the American officials and the natives royally entertaining him, each after their own fashion.

It is not difficult to surmise that not the least of his happy memories of this island paradise is the surf-riding, which intrigued him greatly. The famous Duke Kahanamoku was his tutor, and at the Waikiki beach, where the giant waves roll majestically in from the ocean, the Prince learned the delights of the world-famous pastime,

and added yet one more to the list of his sporting experiences.

The crossing of the Equator provided a welcome diversion to the travellers. King Neptune held his time-honoured and customary court, and no evasion of the ancient ceremony was permitted. Needless to say, no one entered into the spirit of the initiations with greater zest than did the Prince, whose rank afforded him no protection whatever from the attention of the sea-king's ministrations.

It was at night that the barnacled, hairy King of Sharks and Whales boarded the *Renown* and greeted the Prince. The next morning he demanded the customary homage of the Prince and all those aboard who had not previously entered his domain.

Supported by fifty stalwart sailors, as his heralds, barbers, police, and polar bears, who greeted him by singing —

> " Shave him and bash him,
> Duck him and splash him,
> Torture and smash him,
> And don't let him go "—

Neptune held his investiture, first bestowing upon the Prince the Order of the Equatorial Bath. He was thoroughly lathered pink, white, and black; he was shaved, and, amid the delighted roar of the crew, ducked three times three.

The ritual was in rhyme, the result of a considerable amount of research into ancient customs. Everybody, from Admiral to cook's boy, paid due deference and homage to His Oceanic Majesty.

As the *Renown* entered the Gulf of Hauraki hundreds of craft of every size and description turned out to greet the Prince; yet this was but a foretaste of the enthusiasm which awaited his landing. Driving through the crowded streets, even the Prince, inured as he is to popular demonstrations, showed some slight signs of embarrassment at the warmth of his reception.

Auckland, during the Royal visit, had the appearance of an immense flower-garden—it was flowers, flowers, all the

way—and, one should add, children. Children, to a great extent, monopolize attention in these young countries, and they certainly monopolized the Prince. Continually they would stop the procession of motor cars to hand him nosegays; always they showered flowers upon him as he passed. On the Children's Gala day they literally mobbed him. The festival opened with every sign of model behaviour and order, but when the serious part of the programme was over the discipline of these tiny troops entirely broke down. The presence in their midst of this jolly, fun-loving young Prince from "home" was too much for them; they climbed upon his car, and swarmed around him, despite all the protective efforts of the Welsh guardsmen who formed the Prince's body-guard. When his car could finally proceed, the eager children still clung to it, and were only removed by policemen as he passed along the crowded route.

As it was the Prince's wish that he should

see as much of the country as possible, on the fourth day after his arrival he left by train for Rotorua.

The route lay through a fascinating diversity of country. It followed the districts of the Maori wars, where fighting worthy of the best sons of Empire had taken place, and ran through cultivated lands of agricultural prosperity. His welcomes were as varied as the scenery—from the simple clusters of pastoral people by the rail-side, to the organized receptions in the towns. Everywhere, in his usual manner, he mixed freely with the people. He would pose for a blushing girl, and even help her to take the picture when her nervousness threatened to spoil it. He would travel a considerable distance to give some woodcutters or land-workers the opportunity of seeing their " digger " Prince.

At Rotorua a great gathering of Maori tribesmen collected in the town to do him honour, offering obeisance, and dancing

and singing the welcomes that are as ancient as history.

It must have been a strange and impressive scene there, at the limits of the Empire, to witness the young man, who is so essentially representative of the twentieth century, meeting those whose customs have remained almost unchanged throughout the ages. He walked freely amongst them, while they kissed his hand, and even tried, after their Maori fashion, to kiss his cheek, and to rub noses with him.

What the Maoris thought of it all, who can tell? An impression of the scene of his departure is perhaps best given in the words of an eye-witness in *The Times* of May 1st, 1920:

"The last scene at Rotorua was the grey-headed Chiefs gathered round the Prince in his sitting-room at the hotel, presenting him with one of their few remaining heir-looms—a Chief's battle-axe of greenstone. With something of that mystic sadness

which is never far from the faces of those who have left the bush for the settlements, they looked at the stripling Prince from the country teeming with white men, and as he looked back at them with wondering eye, all felt that different ages were meeting here across the span of centuries."

On the Prince's return to Auckland a lightning railway strike threatened to upset his plans, but its sudden settlement allowed him to continue his original programme, and to visit other North Island towns, including, of course, Wellington. His welcome everywhere was full of warmth, but it was not always gay, for New Zealand had suffered heavy and disproportionate losses during the war. Over Stratford, for instance, where one in every six of the town's soldiers was killed, there hangs, and will hang for many a day, a heavy shadow. Had it not been for the fact that the Prince was himself a soldier, known to understand by personal experience the circumstances of war, his reception could not have held

the intimate note that marked it. It is plain that the war is never far from his thoughts, a fact that has put him into sympathetic accord with people the world over, and was fully appreciated by New Zealand; the following extract from *The Dominion* during his visit expressed the general opinion:

"Endowed as he is with judgment, tact, and ready sympathy, and recommended not alone by these gifts, but by knowledge that he shared the dangers and privations of the war in which the nation paid a dear price for the preservation of its liberties, the Prince of Wales is admirably fitted for the great mission on which he is now engaged. That at this early stage in his career he has undertaken such a mission is the best assurance that the promise of his youth will be fulfilled."

From the North Island the Prince proceeded to the South Island, landing at Charlotte Sound, a place that recalls memories of the oldest British navigators to New Zealand.

A great deal of travelling through the South Island was done by motor car, which gave the Prince an opportunity of experiencing the New Zealanders' idea of speed. His sporting instincts were roused, and amply gratified, by the dashing negotiation of curves and hilly roads, and it was with the pleased contentment of modern youth that he watched the splendid panorama roll past on either side.

The welcome of the South was a counterpart of that of the North Island. Miners, road labourers, and farmers travelled immense distances to see him. Christchurch turned out to the last human being.

At Hokitika a message, entirely typical of the attitude of New Zealand, was read to him: "We loved you as a youth and respect you as a man." It would be difficult to strike more happily the general sentiment.

During the last few days in New Zealand the importance of the Prince's visit, par-

ticularly in regard to his personal influence, was difficult to underestimate.

"Every woman in the Island loves him," said Sir William Fraser at the Farewell Dinner at Christchurch, and the attitude of the men too was strikingly personal. Whatever political opinions they held—and there are some extreme elements there—all agreed that the Prince was a man whom they liked to have among them, and for whom they held the highest respect.

". . . The Colonial mind," wrote *The Southland Times*, with equal frankness and truth, "is not awed by ceremony, and it is, therefore, quick to detect

> 'A gracious, simple, truthful man,
> Who walks the earth erect,
> Nor stoops his noble head to win
> From fear or false respect.'

It is the man who appeals to the Colonial mind, and in this new view of kingship that has to come to us in these democratic times we look for the man in the King so that we may love where we do homage.

The Prince has appealed to the men and women of the Overseas Dominions in just this way, and he has shown potently in his affection for the masses that he is one of them, and for them."

Again, as on his previous tour, his influence increased daily. At the conclusion of his visit the desire to touch him, to throw flowers and confetti over him, became not only a fashion, but also a craze.

On May 21st, after a civic reception and a farewell dinner given on board, the *Renown*, with the Prince on deck, weighed anchor for Australia.

CHAPTER IX

AUSTRALIA

THE Prince's triumph in New Zealand, although the happiest augury for his coming visit to the sister Dominion, was actually nothing more. Reputations are not made by mail in Australia, for the Australian accepts no man on another's testimony.

Australia, too, is no superficial judge. Perfunctory gaiety, or the semblance of good-fellowship, will not go down there. The "damned independent Australian" wants the real thing, and he looks a man over very critically before he calls him friend.

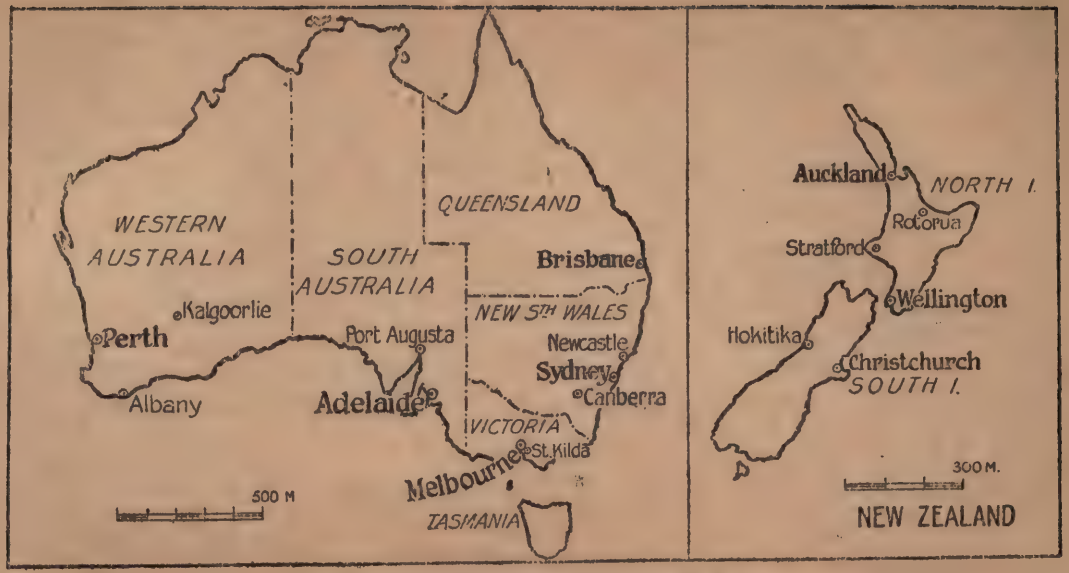
This, then, was the attitude towards which the *Renown* blustered in a westerly gale at the end of May 1920, and it should be remembered to the credit of the Prince,

for if ever a man achieved success "off his own bat" he did so in Australia. In the words of *The Sydney Sun*:

"The Prince of Wales, like Cæsar, came, saw, and conquered. . . . The visit had been, in fact, a tremendous success. Before the Prince landed, the popular idea of princes was of something haughty and remote, but this smiling, appealing, youthful man, so pleased to meet with approval, has shown otherwise to the people of the democratic monarchy of the Empire. He smiled away the difference which Australians believed lay between royalty and the commonalty."

It is impossible adequately to describe this tour without appearing fulsome, but it is important that at home we should thoroughly understand and appreciate the standing of the future King of England throughout the Dominions.

The first landing at Melbourne was unfortunate in that a fog delayed the *Renown* outside Port Phillips Heads, which guard the entrance to the bay. The Prince, who,



MAP ILLUSTRATING THE AUSTRALASIAN TOUR

above all other things, dislikes keeping people waiting, chafed impatiently at the wise precaution of those in command, who refused to essay the passage under such unfavourable conditions. Eventually, however, the destroyer *Anzac* took him off with his staff, afterwards transferring them to a Government yacht, from which they landed at the summer resort of St. Kilda.

Melbourne had turned out in its thousands to greet the Prince, and, making light of the delay, met him with impressive cheers. But the real welcome of Melbourne, the welcome which sprang from knowledge and appreciation of the man himself, came later. Throughout his visit the streets were always thronged with dense crowds, which sometimes waited hours to see him. So thick were they at times that functions and engagements had to wait while the Prince's car made its slow and difficult way through the streets. So loud and sustained was the cheering that conversation was practically impossible.

The slim figure that stood up in his motor-car and responded to the energetic reception with such engaging frankness completely captivated the heart of Melbourne. The people were unanimously decided that this Prince, who went amongst them and rubbed shoulders with them wherever he could, who reduced police protection to a minimum, and evinced as much pleasure in his visit as they did, should be under no misapprehension as to what Australia thought of him.

Certainly they left no doubt whatever as to the depth and sincerity of their feelings. Tremendous as had been the previous ovations, he had met nothing before to equal the hearty, frank, tumultuous, real Australian greeting. The returned service men, in particular, made plain, in an entirely unmistakable manner, their genuine pleasure at his visit to their home. In their determination to get as near to him as was humanly possible, they would crawl under, over, and around his slowly

moving car, with the same disregard for personal danger as they had shown on the battle-fields.

Far into the night enormous crowds would wait to watch him leave a dinner or a dance, and escort his car for long distances. Every open space around Government House, where he stayed, was densely packed with people every hour of the day. Corners, which it was known he would be obliged to pass, became a solid, impeding mass of humanity.

. . . . .

Again, as in Canada, the miracle of the Prince's popularity preceded him on his travels, and produced an increasing ovation which ultimately became overwhelming.

On June 16th, the day of his arrival in Sydney, the glorious harbour, perhaps the finest in the world, was a sight of which Sydney must indeed have been proud. Not only the Australian fleet, but also every sort of available vessel, was manned

to welcome him. On shore, a thoughtful item of ceremony was the assembly of one thousand of the famous Australian Light Horse, all of whom had brought their own horses from different parts of New South Wales. The rivalry of townships and States is as great in Australia as it is in most new and progressive countries, and Sydney and New South Wales vied with Melbourne and Victoria in their welcome.

An incident illustrating the naturalness which so greatly attracted public opinion in the Dominions is worth recalling. As the Prince drove slowly away from the races, the progress of his car impeded by the huge crowd, one of the spectators called out as he passed "What luck?" "Rotten," came the reply, in a tone of dry sincerity more telling than much eloquence. None of his speeches was more popular or effective in Australia!

The programme in New South Wales was, if anything, a heavier one than at Melbourne. Canberra, the future Federal

capital, Newcastle, and Duntroon were all visited. At Duntroon the Prince harangued the military cadets in stirring style, and provoked a tremendous ovation from the young Australians. Afterwards he constituted himself their special orderly officer of the day, visiting them at lunch, and inspecting their quarters with the right amount of military "ginger."

At Newcastle, which is strongly Labour in tendency, he "got right down to it"; and those whose opinion about Labour government is worth while thought he should have stayed longer with the people, and said so.

The Prince's next objective was the Far West. On his long journey there befell an accident which is almost unparalleled in Royal globe-trotting. The Royal train apparently proved too heavy for the permanent way, which, without warning, gave way near Bridgetown, Western Australia. The train was derailed, and the Prince's own carriage overturned. For-

tunately, it was travelling slowly at the time; and the Prince had had far too much experience of "death dodging" in France to be unduly alarmed at such an occurrence. Like a wise soldier who leaves a shelled dug-out, he gathered together his favourite pipe and other personal belongings, and hauled himself out—last of his company—from the wreckage. Two members of his staff were badly shaken, but the Prince himself was unharmed, and even appeared to enjoy this somewhat startling and unexpected addition to his programme.

Albany, Perth, and Kalgoorlie were among the places visited in Western Australia, with never a sign of abatement in the fervour of his greetings. Many personal and affecting welcomes awaited him along the line. Stirring cheers would constantly greet the royal train as it passed, and even at night groups of people who had assembled, regardless of inconvenience, sent out from the

darkness their message of loyalty and goodwill.

From Port Augusta he left for Adelaide. Adelaide boasts one of the two leading daily Labour papers in Australia, and its attitude was expected to be politely hospitable. Instead, the township abandoned itself to riotous enthusiasm. At the State banquet the crowd got quite out of hand. The Prince, who had another engagement, was quite unable to tear himself away. Words proved totally ineffective, and he had eventually to escape by a back door.

On July 1st he embarked for the Island State, Tasmania, where, for the first time, the Prince began to show signs of fatigue. Strenuous as had been his previous tour, it was by no means comparable to the strain of this second trip. In the vast continent where the average population is about two to the square mile, a large proportion of the six million inhabitants is naturally concentrated in restricted and widely separated areas. The crowds, there-

fore, were as immense as the long distances to be travelled. Railway travelling in the Antipodes, moreover, is by no means as luxurious as in Canada, and the constant changes necessitated by the different gauges of the lines in the various States were no small matter, even with the Prince's modest entourage. The overwhelming receptions and sustained cheering which had accompanied them everywhere on the mainland eventually exhausted even the Prince's lasting powers of endurance. Most of his staff were already "played out" when a slight attack of laryngitis, and consequent loss of voice, showed that the Prince, too, was feeling the terrific strain. Tasmania was greatly touched by his insistence, tired as he obviously was, upon carrying out his programme. The rousing receptions the people gave him were clear proof of their appreciation. In New York they had "Princed" him. In Australia, as he told the Lord Mayor's guests at the Mansion

House in 1920, "I had not landed one moment before I was hailed as 'Digger,' and by the time I sailed from Sydney I hardly knew how to answer to any other name."

The return voyage to Sydney provided a greatly needed restorative. Immediately upon arrival, he entrained and commenced the seven-hundred-mile journey to Queensland. After Brisbane's fine welcome came a brief interlude, when he lived the life which those who know the Prince well can imagine to have been entirely after his own heart. First into the Queensland backblocks, and then over the Blue Mountains into New South Wales he travelled, seeing what has been described as the real Australia.

The Prince is, in a peculiar degree, of that energetic temperament which so often accompanies extreme mental activity and only finds relaxation in movement. During his rest he spent long hours in the saddle, riding as many as forty and fifty

miles a day. Rounding up cattle and horses, together with kangaroo hunts, filled his time. He drank " billy tea " and ate grilled mutton and " damper " under real outback conditions. On the sheep and cattle stations he saw all the early phases of that great industry which puts mutton and wool on the English market. He rode everything that came his way, and indulged, to his heart's content, in that love of horses which has been almost a passion with him since his return.

During this interlude it was proved that there are situations for which even a Prince is unprepared. One was upon the occasion when an Australian girl presented him with a real, live, baby wallaby, a small variety of kangaroo. Every man is a boy at heart, and the Prince's intense love of all young things, and of animals in particular, here revealed that engaging boyishness which is so great a part of his attractive nature.

The presentation of this strange little

pet at once embarrassed and charmed him. Together with other similarly embarrassing gifts, including four emus and three opossums (one a rare white one), the little kangaroo—"Digger" he was called—was put on board the *Renown* to accompany his owner to England. At Trinidad, where he had been landed to spend a few hours ashore, "Digger" unfortunately ate some poisonous leaves and died within an hour. His little grave in the Government House grounds is marked by four palm trees.

This vigorous open-air life which constituted the Prince's rest after his long tour proved too much for his staff. Only one member could "stay the course," the remainder were obliged to take turns, interspersed with rests.

On August 19th, 1920, the Australian tour was concluded, and the homeward-bound *Renown* sailed from Sydney Harbour.

The success of the trip was obvious. He had mixed with "diggers," bushmen,

industrial workers, officials, and every grade of Australian society, and, whatever their ideas of method of government, it can truly be said that for the Prince himself they conceived a sincere and lasting regard.

At Brisbane, one of the strongholds of Labour, prediction had been gloomy concerning his reception. When he left there for the last time he received, perhaps, the greatest ovation of the tour.

With the Labour members all over the country the Prince created a singularly good impression—and they are hard-headed men not easily moved to enthusiasm.

One whole day in New South Wales he spent with members of the newly elected Labour group.

"They told me I would have to wear a top hat," one of them afterwards related, "and I swore I would only wear my ordinary clothes. They are good enough for me and good enough for anyone," he

added. "I went and watched the Prince very carefully, and soon made up my mind that he was all right, and that it was the people who had talked about having to wear a top hat who would put their foot in it."

On that same day, Mr. J. Storey, Labour Premier for New South Wales, who had been a boilerman, remarked to the Prince:

"I wish you could stay with us three months; we would make you a 'dinkum' Australian."

"I wish to goodness I could," was the Prince's prompt reply.

Neater still was his earlier answer to Mr. Storey, who said to him on his arrival:

"I want you to understand that you have to be very careful here, because I am the head of an Anarchist party."

"Oh," said the Prince, "is that so?" Then with a quiet twinkle he added: "I am hoping to meet a lot more 'Anarchists.'"

It was another of the Labour Ministers in New South Wales who remarked after

[*Central News*

WITH "DIGGER"

his first interview with the Prince, "I could make a pal of this boy."

On October 10th, 1920, the Empire's young liaison officer arrived at Spithead, escorted by the third flotilla of the Atlantic fleet. He landed at Portsmouth on the following morning, and, after bidding farewell to the *Renown*, entrained for London. At Victoria Station he was warmly welcomed by the King and Queen and members of the Royal Family. The same eager greeting awaited him, when he drove through the streets of London, as he had received on his return from his first tour.

For a brief while the Prince retired into semi-private life to recuperate from the effects of his arduous trip. But he was very quickly back in harness again, and naturally, his first concern was the pressing needs of his returned comrades of the war. His first public speech after his return was made on their behalf—for Obligation Week.

With the tan of his long sea voyage still

on his face he made a stirring appeal to Great Britain "not to be left behind" in extending every possible assistance to the unemployed men who had served during the war. His slogan was simple and direct:

"Could not," he pleaded, "during the coming week everyone who has the means ask himself the simple question 'What can I do to help the ex-service men,' and make sure that each finds an answer?"

From the time of his return he has given every possible and practical support to every genuine means employed for the assistance of the ex-service men. Some of his best speeches have been made on behalf of the disabled, discharged, and unemployed ex-service men, and for their dependents and the dependents of the "Glorious Dead."

CHAPTER X

THE PRINCE AT HOME

ON July 1st, 1919, the *Court Circular* from Buckingham Palace announced that the "Prince of Wales has left the Palace to take up his residence at St. James's Palace." On that same day also was issued for the first time a separate *Court Circular* from St. James's Palace.

This was the official intimation that, a week after his twenty-fifth birthday, the Prince had set up his own establishment. The Hon. Sir Sidney Greville, brother of Lord Warwick, and late Private Secretary to Queen Alexandra, accompanied him as Comptroller and Treasurer, with Sir Godfrey J. V. Thomas as Assistant Secretary, and Captains Lord Claud Hamilton and the Hon. Piers Legh as Equerries.

Sir Godfrey Thomas, tenth baronet of a

creation dating from 1694, was formerly in the Diplomatic Service, and was attached to the Embassy at Berlin when war broke out.

Lord Claud Hamilton was with the Prince practically throughout his service in the European War.

Later, as the Prince's work has increased, further appointments to his household have been made.

At the end of November 1920 Sir Sidney Greville resigned, and was appointed one of the Grooms-in-waiting to the King, and Rear-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, R.N., replaced him as Comptroller and Treasurer to the Prince. Son of the Right Hon. Sir T. Frederick Halsey, Bt., Sir Lionel has a fine record of service to his credit. He served with distinction at Ladysmith during the South African War, and commanded H.M.S. *New Zealand* during her Empire cruise in 1913; he was in action at Heligoland Bight in 1914, at the Dogger Bank in 1915, and at Jutland.

It was to the untiring efforts of Sir

Lionel Halsey that the Prince, in a speech at Buckingham Palace on the evening of his return from his Canadian tour, attributed much of the success of the trip.

. . . . .

Opening on to Ambassadors' Court, York House adjoins the picturesque gateway which is part of what little remains of the original palace, begun in 1532, and believed to have been designed by Holbein. It is said to be one of the quietest houses in London, and certainly it is one of the most simple. Above all it is a man's house, the home of a man's man.

The rooms which the Prince occupies are the same in which his father and mother, as Duke and Duchess of York, lived for some time during his childhood.

The two beautiful, but quietly furnished, reception rooms adjoining the simple dining-room on the ground floor are now devoted, almost entirely, to his secretariat. The plain square entrance-hall contains some interesting trophies of his active ser-

vice, including the bass drum and two side drums of his regiment, and two bugles used by the Grenadier Guards in France. Some fine old English tapestries relieve the bareness of the wide, white-panelled staircase.

The Prince's own apartments, overlooking Cleveland Row, are extremely modest and business-like, and consist of two lofty formal reception rooms and his own small sitting-room. The latter is comfortably, but simply, furnished in old mahogany, of Chippendale design. A restful green is the dominating colour of the carpet, upholstery, and heavy damask curtains. A massive desk, usually covered with papers, proclaims it to be the workroom of a very busy man. An exquisite painting of his mother, Queen Mary, occupies a prominent position in the room. Conspicuous among his photographs are those of his only sister, Princess Mary. It is characteristic of the Prince that he sleeps in the little dressing-room off the spacious bedroom which he should properly occupy.

But the Prince does not see much of his charming home; since the war he has assumed a vastly increased and considerable share of the burden of Royalty, and his time, when in London, is fully occupied.

"One of the idle rich," a Cockney labourer once remarked, when the Prince was "hung up" on the road.

"Rich perhaps," the Prince retorted, "but hang it all, not idle."

. . . . . .

The private life of the Prince is one of marked simplicity. Like his grandfather, King Edward, he is a moderate reader. He dislikes cards and billiards, and is a great smoker, with a pronounced preference for a pipe. Above all, he is a young athlete—a real sportsman—and regulates his life, as far as possible, as one always in training.

His normal day is rather more strenuous than that of most of his future subjects. Long before the average modern youth is awake he has walked or ridden in the Park (his favourite mount is a bay of pure Arab

strain), or, clad in conventional running shorts and vest, has taken a sharp run round the extensive grounds of Buckingham Palace. By nine-thirty he will frequently be in the Bath Club indulging in a stiff game of squash rackets, perhaps the most strenuous of all sports except fencing and boxing.

The rest of the morning he generally spends with his secretaries, attending to his enormous private and business correspondence—it is one of his rules that every letter received at the Palace is answered—or working on his speeches.

It may be imagined that the Prince, like so many other public men, leaves the preparation of his speeches entirely to others. This is quite incorrect. As a matter of fact, he devotes an immense amount of time to preparing the more important of his utterances.

His usual method is to get his points by talking with an authority on the subject upon which he is going to speak, and then

to write, and re-write, essential portions which are afterwards memorized.

Until recently when speaking he was always a little nervous at starting, fingering his tie or twisting a button, but now he has thrown off all sign of trepidation, and his audience is first surprised, then captured. He has the rare quality of knowing exactly where to begin and where to end.

A collection of the Prince's speeches, including those delivered overseas, would make a substantial volume; it is impossible even to quote intelligible extracts within the scope of this little volume. A perusal of the speeches, however, proves a steady progress of style.

It was while yet an undergraduate at Oxford that he began a series of public utterances of increasing importance. He is now, of course, a practised speaker, able to respond on the spur of the moment. On occasions he has had to address audiences from the same platform as those finished speakers, the Prime

Minister, Mr. John W. Davis, the late American Ambassador to this country, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Reading, and it is no flattery to say that the Prince need not be ashamed to appear with the best of them.

An American business man interestingly described his impression of the Prince's address to the Pilgrims, on the occasion of the farewell dinner given to Mr. John W. Davis:

"I could not help noticing," he said, "the serious dignity with which he carried out the somewhat formal duty of greeting the important guests. There was no trace of carelessness—marked respect for the age and position of those guests was the dominant note.

"Later he spoke as a Pilgrim. It seemed at once the speech of a grown-up and that of a youth. Old in the perfection and sequence of the thoughts expressed, but young in the crisp, human phrasing, and in the bright outlook on life and things which it portrayed. It was dignified but not stilted; it teemed with instances of the human note, without descending to the commonplace. His use of homely phrases and the manner in which he said, when

expressing his regret at the departure of Mr. Davis as a Pilgrim, ' and I feel proud of being a Pilgrim,' formed a bond of sympathy with his audience that was most marked.

" But it was the delivery that impressed me most. I had been prepared for something good—but not for such excellency and finished oratory. He was humorous, earnest, dignified, and serious, and revealed a very strong personality. His unusually fresh voice was clear and distinct—not a word was lost—of hesitation there was none. He made me feel that he was born to lead—and that men will be proud to follow him."

Many of his speeches are bound to find a prominent and lasting place among utterances made on great occasions. His fine address to a great gathering in Toronto in November 1919 dealt very firmly and fearlessly with the position of the Crown and the Dominions. It attracted favourable comment in the Dominions, at home, and in the United States.

" The Dominions are no longer colonies," he said, " they are sister nations of the

British nation. They played a part in the war fully proportionate to their size, and their international importance will steadily increase. Yet they all desire to remain within the Empire, whose unity is shown by common allegiance to the King. That is the reason why, if I may be personal for a moment, I do not regard myself as belonging primarily to Great Britain, and only in a lesser way to Canada and the other Dominions. On the contrary, I regard myself as belonging to Great Britain and to Canada in exactly the same way. This also means that when I go down to the United States next week, I shall regard myself as going there not only as an Englishman and as a Britisher, but also as a Canadian, and as a representative of the whole Empire.

"This change of system within the Empire puts a new and very difficult kind of responsibility upon all of us. The war has shown that our free British nations can combine, without loss of freedom, as a single unit in vigorous defence of their common interests and ideals. The unity of the Empire in the war was the feature least expected by our enemies, and most effective in saving the liberties of the world. And now that the war is over, we have still got to keep up that standard of patriotism

and unity of which we showed ourselves capable during that long struggle. We have got to keep it up all we know. Unity and co-operation are just as necessary now in peace time as during the war. We must not lose all that we have won during the last five years by our common action and effort against the enemy."

Perhaps the most important speeches he has yet made are those delivered at the Guildhall and Mansion House on the occasion of his visits to the City on his return, first from his tour in Canada and the United States (December 18th, 1919), and secondly (December 7th, 1920), after his long absence in Australia, New Zealand, and the West Indian Colonies.

Space will not permit of the inclusion of a full text of these two remarkable speeches, but the following brief extract will show that the Prince's Dominion tour proved, to use his own apt phrase, " an inspiring education " :

" I have come back with a much clearer idea of what is meant by the British Empire,

or, as it is often more appropriately called, the British Commonwealth. The old idea of Empire handed down from Greece and Rome was that of a mother country surrounded by daughter states which owed allegiance to her. Now, we Britishers have left that obsolete idea behind a long time ago. Our Empire implies a partnership of free nations, nations living under the same system of law, pursuing the same democratic aims, and actuated by the same human ideals. The British Empire is thus something far grander than an Empire in the old sense of the term, and its younger nations—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India—are now universally recognized as nations by the fact that they are signatories to the Peace Treaties which they fought so magnificently to secure.

" Now, among these new nations of the British Empire, recognized as signatory at Versailles, is India. India occupies a special position. Like the Dominions, she played a gallant part in the war, and we owe much to her soldiers and Government and men for all they endured in the common cause. I am looking forward to the day when I shall be able to pay a visit to that wonderful country.

"Now, the position of self-governing Dominions is different. They are made up of peoples long trained in the management of their affairs. They are inhabited by highly advanced and progressive democracies who have made new civilizations out of wildernesses, and they look back on their achievements with intense and legitimate pride. Think of what they have achieved in four generations. Think of their noble devotion and sacrifice in the Great War. There is no limit to the bounds to which their progress and development may some day attain.

"It is no exaggeration to say that the united action of the British Empire in the war was one of the factors least expected by the enemy, and the most effective in securing liberty. But the people in the old country must realize that the patriotism of the Dominions is national patriotism and not merely to Great Britain. It is loyalty to their British institutions; it is loyalty to the world-wide British system of life and government; and it is, above all, loyalty to the British Empire, of which Great Britain, like the Dominions, is only one part. I have felt the inspiration of this great idea throughout my journey, but I have also learned that the loyalty of the

Dominions is, in a very special sense, loyalty to the Crown—and the Crown represents the unity of the Empire. The King, as constitutional Sovereign of the Empire, occupies exactly the same place in Canada and in the whole British Empire as he does in Great Britain, and his house, although originally founded in Great Britain, belongs equally to all the other nations of the Commonwealth.

. . . . . .

"A year has passed since the Armistice, and in many parts of the world millions of people are still torn by conflict, haggard with want, and almost broken by despair. I am certain that there never was a time when the world looked so anxiously to Great Britain for an example of confidence and steadiness. I am certain, too, that the restoration of peace and happiness in the whole world depends more largely upon that example than upon anything else. We did our duty quietly and thoroughly as a nation in the war. What is our duty now? It is to show the world that we can work at our social, economic, and industrial problems with a general fairness of sympathy, striving whole-heartedly towards one goal. That goal is happier conditions of life, and to ensure that every

man and woman in the country may enjoy the just proceeds of their labour, and that every child born into the country may have a fair sporting chance. Our present problems will never be solved by hatred and violence. They can only be solved by common sense, and above all by goodwill. The world is feeling rather lost at the present time, and it is up to us, the British nation, and to all the nations of the Empire, to show the way. I feel sure that we will show that way, and that we can."

Occupied as he usually is in London, it is when on a holiday that the Prince puts in what he regards as a really strenuous day. His activities of one day, during a recent visit to Sandringham, are a fair example of his idea of relaxation. These included a hard run of some miles before breakfast, and schooling three horses over jumps across country; a very light lunch was followed by an afternoon with the beagles, in which he finished one of the freshest in the field.

Unlike his father, King George, who is admittedly one of the finest shots in the country, the Prince does not care for cover

shooting on a large scale. He is, however, extremely fond of partridge shooting or a "walk up"—the longer the walk the better—and here he reveals his innate gentleness by a rigid insistence of "breaking off" to recover a wounded bird with no regard to personal time or trouble. "Peggy," his favourite black cocker spaniel, is his companion in town and country.

As a boy he was carefully coached at fixed and moving targets with a ·22 rifle. He was not allowed to fire a shot on "the hill" until he could do so with a prospect of giving himself and "the beast" a fair chance. He promises now to be a really fine shot.

In his early days he fished considerably in the Dee and Loch Muich, and was very successful with trout, but of late years, although he throws a good fly, he has had little time to devote to the gentle art.

Hunting and point-to-point races are his favourite pastimes. The Prince's prowess in the field is graphically described

in a few lines written as the result of close personal observation by a very well-known rider to hounds :

" Having hunted all my life, I have naturally been following the Prince of Wales's fortune in the hunting field with great interest. Many are the tales told in clubs of the fences he had jumped, and his fearless riding. However, seeing is believing, and it has long been my ambition to have a day with hounds when the Prince was out. Quite unexpectedly the occasion came a short while ago.

" I had gone down to have a hunt with a well-known Midland pack, and was jogging along the road to the meet when suddenly my host said, ' By Jove ! there is the Prince.'

" I looked, and there, sure enough, was a boyish figure in a well-cut pink coat, with a top-hat pressed on the side of his head at the familiar angle.

" The field was small—not more than sixty people—so there was every opportunity of observing the Prince. He was riding a typical Leicestershire horse, of the light-built, blood, and quality type that a man needs if he is to see a fast hunt in the galloping grass lands.

"His appearance was reminiscent of the picture, 'Swagger, but a workman,' that passers-by must often have seen in the window of a Piccadilly sporting-print dealer.

"I was just by the Prince when hounds left covert, and we were rather badly placed. A stiff double lay between us and hounds, with a narrow wicket-gate choked with people trying to get through, one at a time. I was pondering whether to take on the double when I heard a friendly, 'Hey, mind yourself!' A streak of pink flashed by, and over the Prince went. After this I had no choice, and with a prayer to Diana I charged the double too.

"'Fifteen minutes of the best' followed, and I can vouch for it that the Prince rode about as straight a line as a man could take. Considering that he has only had two seasons' experience of regular hunting, he has a remarkably good eye for country, and, as he showed by jumping the double at the beginning and getting a start, he possessed that most essential qualification of a good man to hounds—'quickness.'

"The hunting field is one of the most democratic institutions in the world, and it is no wonder the Prince has made him-

self loved in it. He takes his place quietly, unostentatiously, and on his merits. He never forgets to rein back and allow the master to go first. When hounds run he takes his own line, and requires no preferential treatment at gaps."

The Prince won his first steeplechase in a point-to-point race at the meeting of the Pytchley hounds and the First Life Guards in March 1921 on "Rifle Grenade," and first raced under National Hunt Rules at Hawthorn Hill a few weeks after, on "Pet Dog."

In the saddle the Prince has the advantage of his amazing power of endurance, which astonishes everyone with whom he comes into contact. In Norway, after only a fortnight on skis, his guide declared that their day's run had been the longest which he, "born to the ski," had ever accomplished. At the war, and on his strenuous tours, his "lasting" powers were a revelation—sometimes a trial—to his companions; for the Prince's appearance is deceptive. His slimness, far from

being indicative of physical weakness, is that of an athlete in perfect "form." And, indeed, anyone who can dance until 4 a.m., and play squash rackets at eight the same morning, as he frequently did on his tours, must have a wonderful constitution. His active brain and easy, graceful movements are those of a mightily fit young man. "Mens sana in corpore sano" is his motto, and he lives up to it He is a devotee of the cold bath—and looks it.

At close quarters the Prince loses that somewhat delicate appearance which so many of his photographs give, but he still retains that wistful boyishness which appeals to so many millions of his future subjects who have never seen him in the flesh.

Unlike so many celebrities, the Prince does not disappoint on closer acquaintanceship; on the contrary, he substantiates the ideal which so many cherish of the future king.

One of the Prince's greatest charms is his extreme naturalness. It is impossible

to feel ill at ease with him. His vigorous handshake and amazingly clear blue eyes truly reflect his magnificent vitality; his ready smile and keen sense of humour immediately create a feeling of good-fellowship.

Yet withal he remains "the Prince."

There is a very serious dignity in his bearing, and an attractive deference to age such as few modern men—or women—ever think of showing. He is that delightful paradox—a grown-up boy—fascinating in his unusual mixture of youth and wisdom.

Whilst possessing a marked and proper appreciation of his present and future responsibilities, the Prince does not treat himself too seriously—his sense of humour will never permit him to err in that direction.

His shrewd observation and fine memory make him an interesting conversationalist, with definite and original views. He is a good and attentive listener, too, with a

marked keenness for detail. Always eager for first-hand knowledge, he inquires into the " whys " and " wherefores " with embarrassing directness, and his sudden and abrupt interrogations, preceded generally by the uplifting of his left eyebrow, reveal an impressively sound mental balance. He shows great power of concentration, and when listening is remarkably passive. In repose his restless energy is exhibited in the quick and continual movements of his sensitive hands.

It is not an easy path that the Prince will have to tread, for the position of kings grows increasingly difficult. The essential qualities of wise and successful rulership are peculiar and exacting to a degree, and to-day demand a far wider vision than any other walk in life.

Hard training, unusual opportunities, and a natural adaptability, combined with an earnest desire for the common good, promise to make of Edward, Prince of Wales, an ideal twentieth-century king.